Saturday Review

AUGUST 27, 1960 / 25¢

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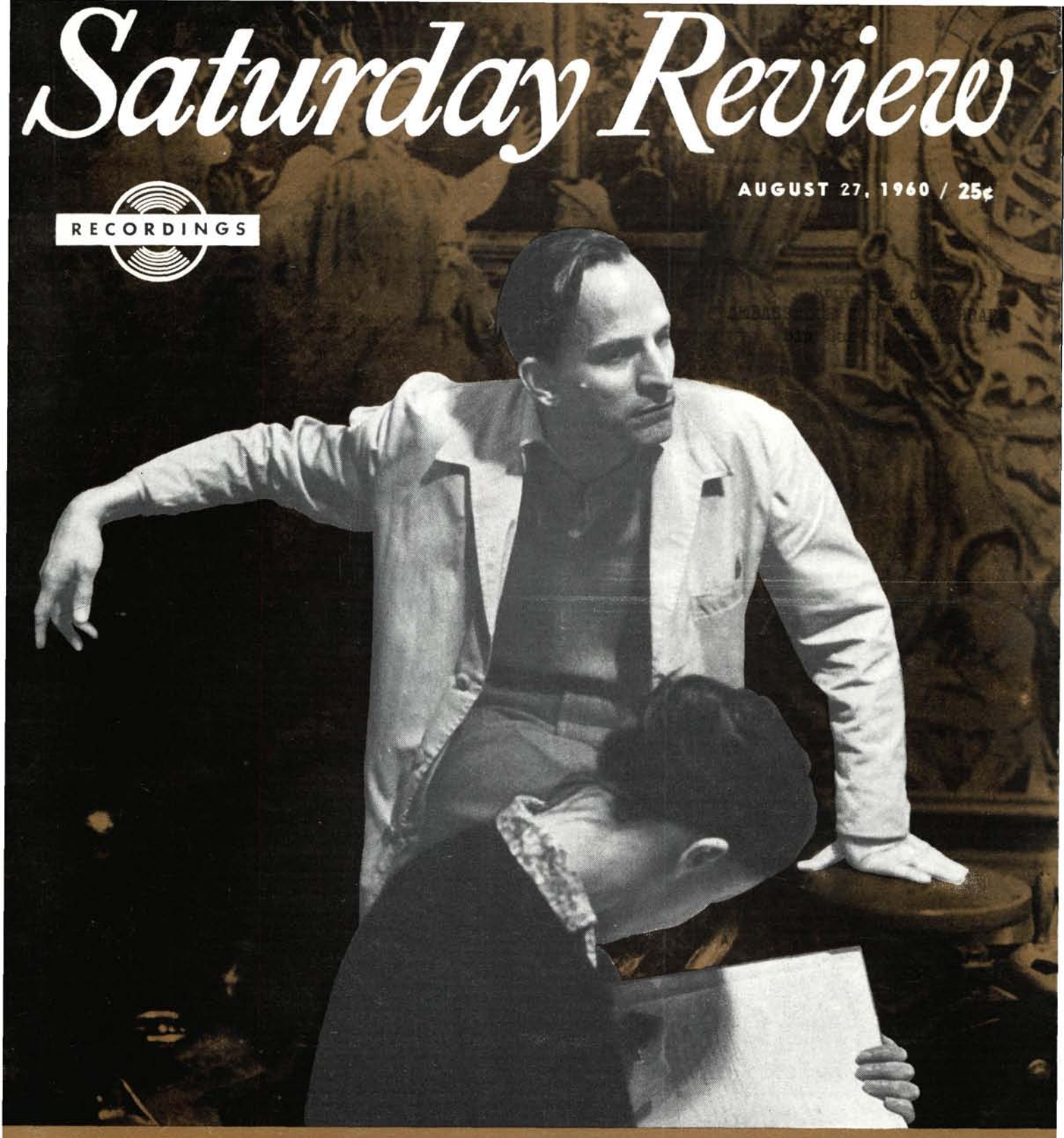

Ingmar Bergman, Artist of the Imagination
Articles by Hollis Alpert and Carl Anders Dymling

CRACKS IN THE CORNUCOPIA

By Calvin Kytle

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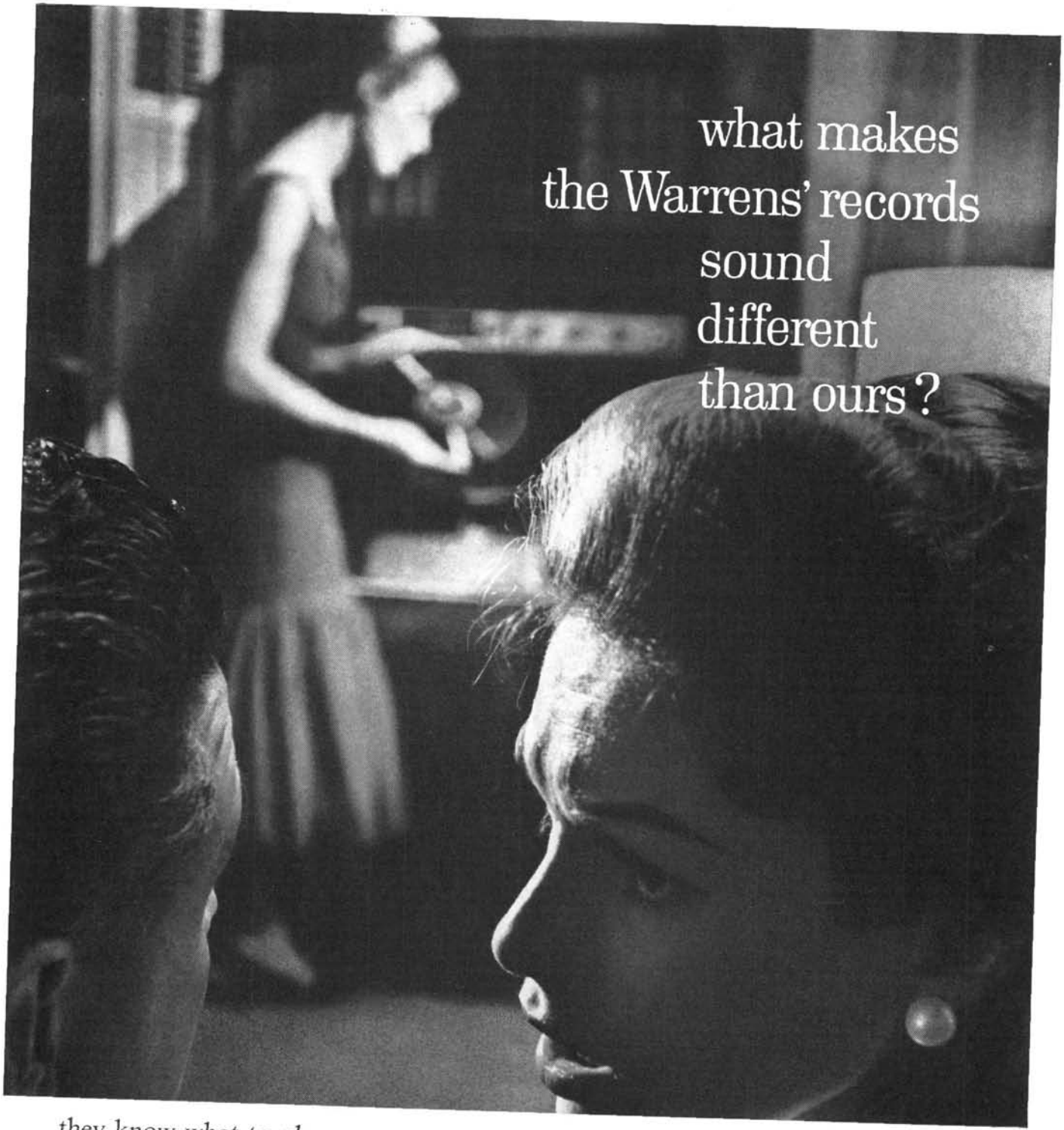

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Today, the prohibitive cost of seeing Europe is largely a state of mind

If you don't have time to read this message now, tear it out and save it for later. It could prove to be the most rewarding reading you've done in a long time.

And whatever happened to the rich uncle?

Remember? He was the guy who usually got credit for making a trip to Europe possible. He was the answer to that inevitable question, "What bank did *you* rob?" Notice ...you don't hear much about him anymore. He's been replaced by the jet. And because of the jet, people just don't make such a big to-do about other people going to Europe anymore. For the jet offers seven league boots to each and every one of us–and makes it economically possible for us to wear them.

Air fares: down, down, down

The jet with its amazing speed and efficiency is seeing to that. New, lower transatlantic air fares that go into effect October 1st of this year now let you fly to Europe for virtually half what it cost just ten short years ago. Take Lisbon, for example. Ten years ago you would have planked down $685.80 for a round-trip ticket that entitled you to at least 15 long flying hours each way. Today, as little as $350 pays for your round trip to Lisbon. And you breeze over in close to 6 hours.

The two-week vacationer comes into his own

The point we're making is that most people consider a trip to Europe as an extended vacation and an event so special that it *must* require years of saving and planning. That may have been true once. Not anymore. For when the new transatlantic 17-day excursion fares go into effect on October 1st, it will be possible to see Europe, all expenses paid, for less than the regular air fare alone. (Here, proudly, we speak only for Swissair.) And you'll be able to spend 16 of your 17 days right *in* Europe!

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Where, oh where do you choose to wander

We'd love to go on and tell you about our 17-day all-expense "Iberian Holiday" for only $499 all-inclusive (many an *ordinary* vacation costs more!). Or "Southern Europe and Paris Too" for only $649.30, all-inclusive. Or our 17-day "Sun and Fun" excursion for $674.30, all-inclusive. But space won't permit it. We would, though, like to remind you of this: If you wish to go to Europe and stay longer than 17 days, Swissair's family-fare plan will save you from $150 to $300. And no matter where you choose to wander, you can go now and pay later. Though Europe may be no more than a hopeful gleam in your eye, why not clip and mail the coupon. Who knows where it might lead to. For this is the age of the jet. And Europe is little more than dinner and catnap away.

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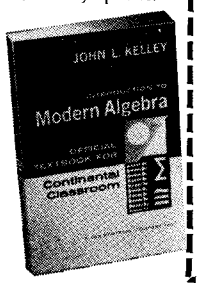

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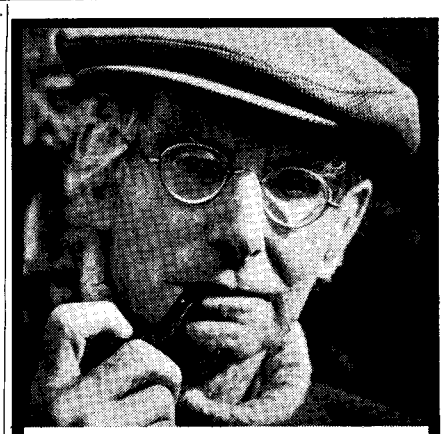

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SR/RECORDINGS FOR SEPTEMBER

33 Composers and Composing, by Aaron Copland
44 Adventures with Matsushita, by Irving Kolodin

SR/IDEAS

9 Cracks in the Cornucopia, by Calvin Kytle
20 Memo for the President: An Editorial
23 Rebel with a Cause, by Carl Anders Dymling

SR/BOOKS

12 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "The Luck of Ginger Coffey," by Brian Moore, and "The Many Colored Coat," by Morley Callaghan
13 Duel at the Brink, by Roscoe Drummond and Gaston Coblentz
14 Decision at Trafalgar, by Dudley Pope
15 Dragon's Wine, by Borden Deal
16 The Gold-Rimmed Spectacles, by Giorgio Bassani
16 Men of Career, by John Lorraine
17 Taken at the Flood: The Story of Albert D. Lasker, by John Gunther
18 The Hyphenated Family, by Hermann Hagedorn
19 Hanover to Windsor, by Roger Fulford
26 Start With the Sun: Studies in Cosmic Poetry, by James E. Miller, Jr., Karl Shapiro, and Bernice Slote
27 The Powers of Poetry, by Gilbert Highet
27 Ghosts of the Heart, by John Logan
28 Mrs. Fitzherbert, by Anita Leslie

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds
16 Literary Crypt
21 Letters to the Editor
22 *SR* Goes to the Movies
25 Music to My Ears
27 Literary I.Q.
51 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1379

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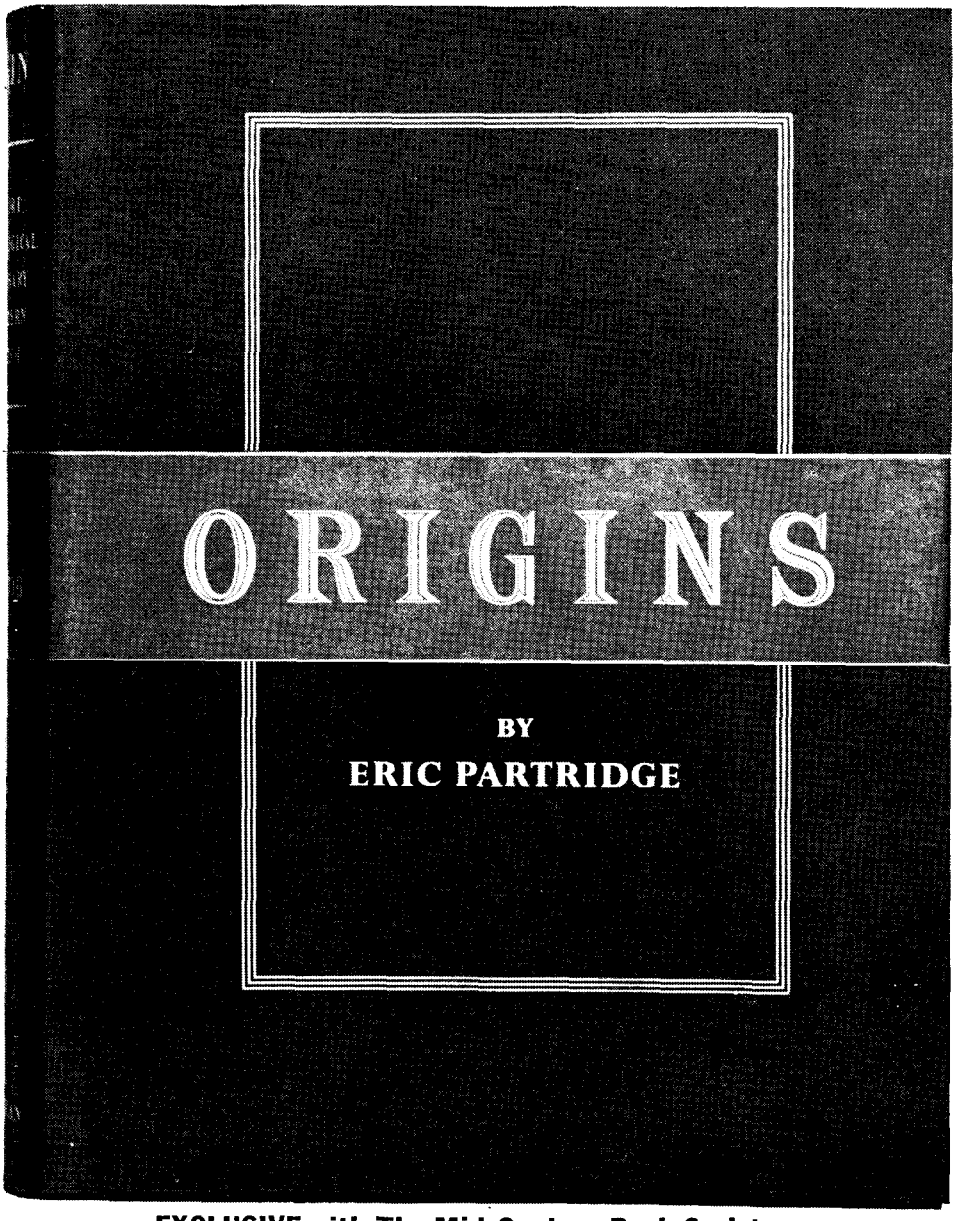

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TRADE Winds

I SUPPOSE some sort of award should go to Elaine Shepherd for the title she has chosen for the book of memoirs she is doing for Prentice-Hall. It's all about her life as a correspondent and newspaperwoman, and she's calling it "Forgive Us Our Press Passes."

SOMEONE WROTE the *Philadelphia Bulletin* bemoaning the fact that we are naming our rockets and missiles after pagan gods, like Thor, Jupiter, and Atlas. "After all," went the letter, "it is we who are the Christian nation and the Communists who are the atheists."

Referring to the Crusaders' use of crosses on their battle flags and armor, and to our battle hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers," the writer proposed that from now on, "in order to prove to one and all where our faith lies," rockets and missiles should be named after the heroes and saints of the Christian religion.

Serious or not, the idea got some razzing, especially from a Swarthmore lady who suggested a chant to go with each explosion:

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Tell the folk you fall upon
You come from a Christian nation
Of most Christ-like motivation;
Sanctified each megaton
From Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

IN THAT highly readable "Felix Frankfurter Reminisces" (Reynal) the Justice recalls the time more than fifty years ago when he was fresh out of law school and on the staff of the U. S. Attorney General. In court he found himself pitted against Austen G. Fox, a famous and able lawyer. Frankfurter describes him this way:

"He was a pompous, stuffed-shirt fellow with a great deal of atmosphere about him, top hat, moustache, fine voice, a kind of professional Harvard manner. He afterwards led the opposition against the confirmation of Brandeis. There's a portrait of him at the Harvard Club, life-size, heroic-size.

"A friend of mine once said, 'Who's this fellow?'

"I said, 'That's a study in unbeaten brass.' "

LITERARY AGENT Scott Meredith, boasting about his successful client Evan Hunter, reveals that he has been paid thousands of dollars in advances for books that "have not only not been published, but have not yet even been written—and, in the case of the second of the two Hunter novels, not yet even plotted or a theme chosen."

That should put an end to all announcements. The mere delivery of a manuscript and the publishing of a book are of no interest to me any more. From now on, I expect publishers to keep me informed regarding the books their authors have not yet thought about.

THE CLEVELAND Electric Illuminating Company has provided more than 500 books in open racks in their general offices for use of employees. Shakespeare, Huxley, Ibsen, Keats, Dostoevsky, and dozens of other classic and great writers are represented.

This is mainly the idea of Ralph M. Besse, chairman of the Cleveland Commission on Higher Education, and executive vice president of the utility company. He admits to a selfish motive: Easy access to books spurs reading and education, thus making better citizens and better employees.

The unusual feature of this valuable library is that the books are lent on the honor system. No record is kept of who removes them or replaces them. This is the result of Mr. Besse's belief that "the fear of losing books has been a great deterrent to the optimum use of books."

Mr. Besse believes that books should be considered expendable in the educational process. "Some of them will disappear like the chemicals in the laboratory. But if they are made available the use will increase," he says.

Some books have indeed disappeared from the Cleveland firm's unique library—eighty-five of them altogether. Among the missing are two copies of the Bible and one "Decameron." However, some books have *appeared*. "Lady Chatterley's Lover" and an old, old copy of "The Bobbsey Twins" were not there to begin with, but have mysteriously turned up.

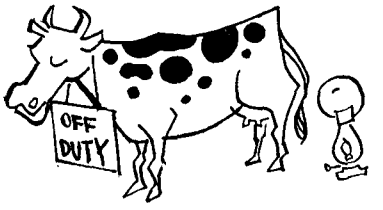
One book we are sure has gone for good from the shelves of the electric company's library is George Orwell's "1984." A note was left in its place: "This book is too sexy to be left on open book shelves. This copy has been destroyed. It should not be replaced."

It's all very illuminating.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Tom Burnam saw it in a Sears, Roebuck catalogue and Alver Duncan spotted it in a Jacksonville, Florida, store. A blurb for backyard plastic swimming pools: "Instant Fun—Just Add Water!"

► Speaking of odd names, J. B. of Roxbury, Connecticut, tells me that in the class of 1904 in Lawrence, Kansas, he had as classmates Ivy Green, Hazel Branch, and Crystal Waters. . . . Furthermore, Belinda Jelliffe went to college in Tennessee with a girl whose first name was Baby Mae, and who later married a man by the name of Argus Slimp.

► Barbara Klein and her family were vacationing in New York from Florissant, Missouri, and all went to see Freedomland, especially the re-enactment of the Chicago Fire. But when they got to the Chicago Firehouse they found a sign stating: DUE TO OPERATIONAL DIFFICULTIES, CHICAGO WILL NOT BURN TODAY.



► There's a firm of electrical contractors in New York called Mason, Nixon and Kennedy.

► Hawthorn Books has published "Happiness Is a Habit," by Australia's leading Presbyterian minister, Gordon Powell. Strangely enough, Hawthorn expects a flood of orders from monks and nuns. The book was recently listed in an international publication going out to all Catholic institutions as "Happiness In a Habit"!

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1378)

M. A. DE FORD:
THE OVERBURY AFFAIR

Some celebrated beauties of history would doubtless astonish and chagrin us now. Standards of beauty change. Perhaps Helen of Troy or Cleopatra would never have a chance in Hollywood. But Lady Frances Howard seems really to have been lovely to look at.

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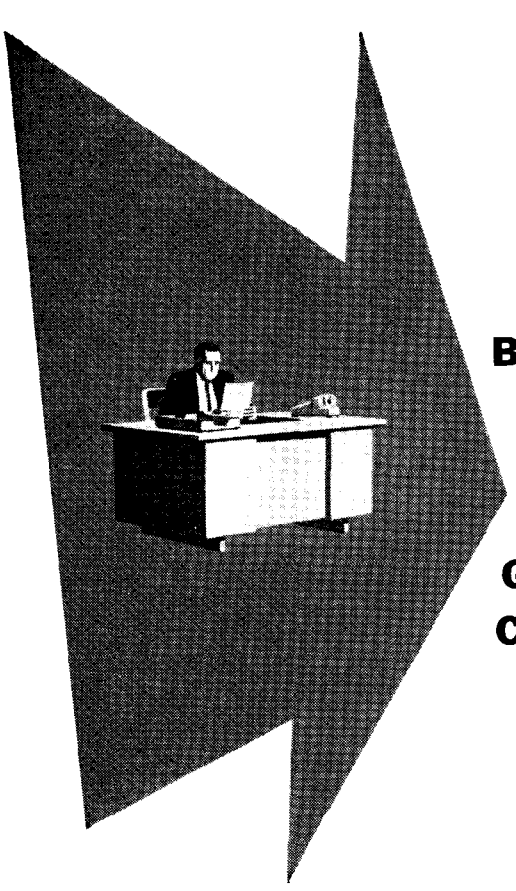

WHY SHOULD A BUSINESSMAN BE TAXED TO SUPPORT GOVERNMENT COMPETITION AGAINST HIMSELF?

Some strange paradoxes crop up, at times, in the American scene.

We are scrupulous, as a nation, to safeguard the rights of the individual in court . . . his right to worship without interference . . . his right to speak freely and openly on any issue.

We have federal laws and regulations to protect him against unfair competition in his efforts to make a living . . . unfair competition, that is, *except that from the federal government itself.*

Take, for example, the matter of the government's producing and selling electric power in the open market. Because federal power systems pay no federal income taxes, and little or no taxes to state and local governments, they can undersell the independent electric companies which *do* produce taxes. *In fact, the very taxes provided by the independent electric companies and their customers are used in part to help finance this unfair competition.*

Now the proponents of federal "public power" are pressing for billions more to build additional federal power plants, although the independent electric companies are ready and able to supply all the power the nation can conceivably need. And this *on top* of more than $5,000,000,000 of taxpayers' money already spent on such government installations.

How can this go on? Simply because the public doesn't know about it.

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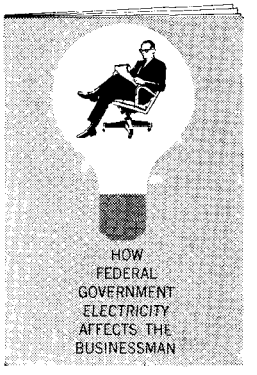

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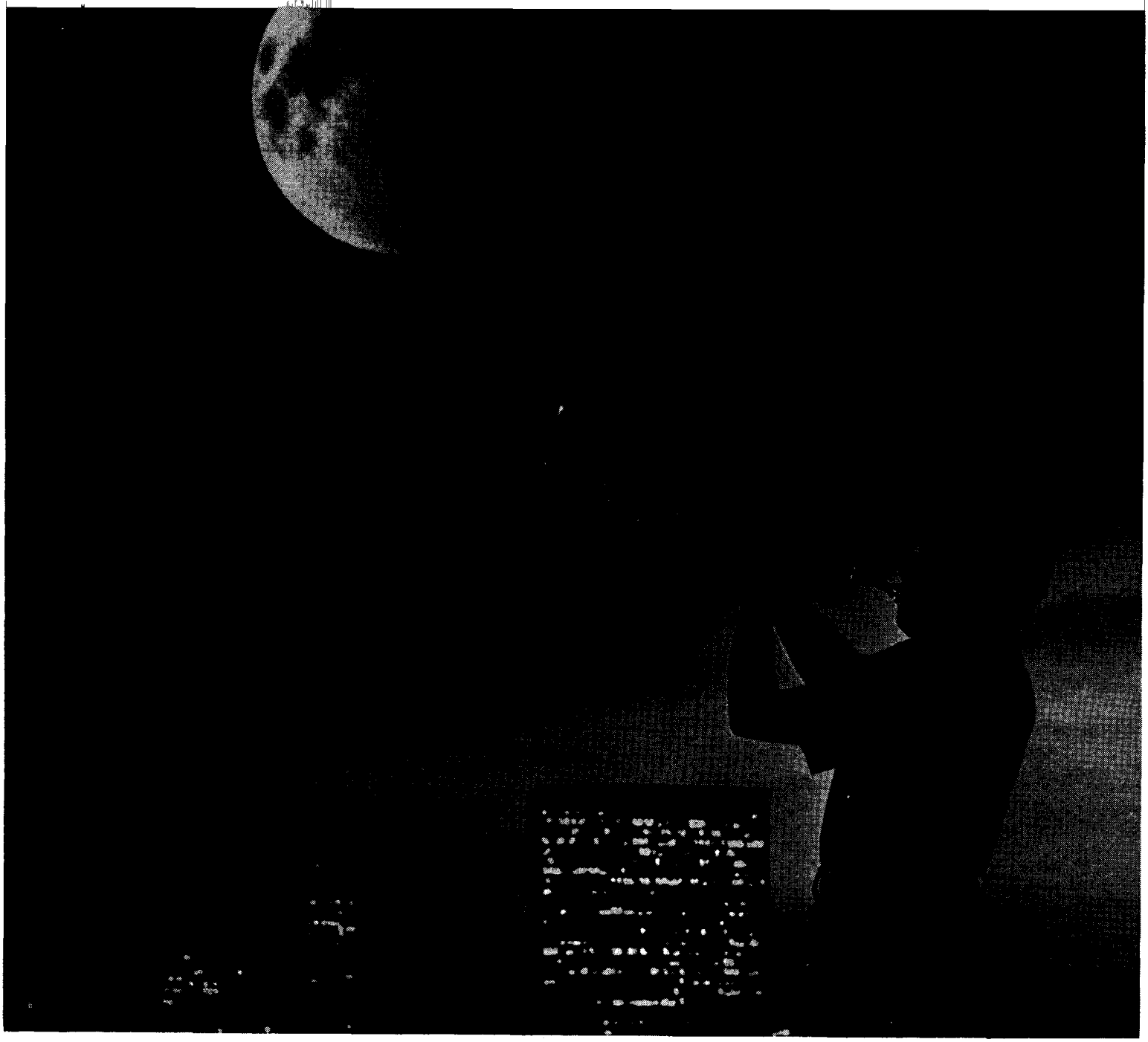

On the moon . . . and under it

Sometime soon a man will thrust to the vast regions of outer space in an effort to reach the moon.

On the day of the moon-shot certain other things will also happen. A woman will telephone her grocer. A man will sail a boat. A boy will play a trumpet.

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Anaconda also makes telephone wires and cables—the kind you'll find in your own local phone system. We develop and produce strong, rustproof marine metals for boat screws, fittings and fastenings. Many fine trumpets play better because their bells and tone chambers are electroformed with our "Plus-4"® Phosphorized Copper Anodes. Through these products as well as through constant development of new copper sources, Anaconda keeps pace with today's needs—big *or* little.

We like to think that our spaceman will land safely on the surface of the moon. But we're not forgetting that people will continue to live and work in their accustomed ways—under the light of that same moon. Anaconda will be there. On the moon . . . and under it.

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Saturday Review

AUGUST 27, 1960

CRACKS IN THE CORNUCOPIA

By CALVIN KYTLE

ONE EVENING during last year's steel strike, Benjamin Fairless, head of the American Iron and Steel Institute and former chairman of the U. S. Steel Corporation, took his wife and daughter to dinner at the Colony Restaurant in New York City. David McDonald, president of the United Steel Workers, was also at the Colony that night, entertaining Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor and a few other friends. The two parties found themselves at neighboring tables.

And what happened? Mr. Fairless sent over a bottle of champagne; Mr. McDonald unhesitatingly accepted it.

Somehow or other this episode, as reported by Nancy Randolph of the *New York Daily News*, strikes me as a particularly pointed example of the profound change that has taken place in America since 1945. I suppose it's understandable for two men who in other years had shaken hands over a bargaining table to do likewise over a restaurant table. And there's no reason, really, why a national labor leader shouldn't enjoy the company of a person of Miss Gabor's assiduously cultivated reputation if his tastes run that way. Nevertheless, I submit that a labor leader who patronizes an expensive New York restaurant with a Hollywood sex queen and drinks champagne with a man who symbolizes the opposition, and does both at a time when his union's members are walking picket lines, has a far different image of himself and of his role in American society from that of a labor leader of, say, fifteen years ago.

I further submit that labor leaders are not alone in having new images of themselves. We have all changed during these past ten years or so—not merely grown older but changed in the ways we think and the ways we act, sometimes without realizing it. So much has happened so fast, with such depth of impact, that all of us are suffering from the spiritual bends. As evidence, one need only consider the current widespread, wide-eyed, Johnny-come-lately editorializing about personal morality and national purpose.

THE relationship between sputniks and vicuña coats, between the U-2 incident and payola, is, of course, hardly casual. Indeed, when we consider the tremendous economic, political, and social changes that have occurred since World War II the wonder is that we're not even more demoralized. Let's review the record.

We've lost our historic isolationism and, albeit reluctantly, taken our position as a dominant world power. Organized labor has all but disappeared as the rallying force for social reform. Space has become a matter of urgent concern—domestically as a result of the rapid urbanization of our culture; terrestrially as a result of the population explosion in the underdeveloped countries; universally with the successful launching of satellites. A comparatively new institution—the business corporation—has come to have as much influence over our manners and destinies as the church, the school, the family, or the government. With the automation of our factories and the mechanization of our farms we have passed from an economy of scarcity to an economy of abundance and thus, dramatically, into Galbraith's Affluent Society; it is predicted that by 1975 the average wage in America will be $7,100, *after* taxes. And finally, encouraged by our example, the "have-nots" all over the world have awakened, often violently, and are demanding our kind of living standards.

Underlying all these changes, of course, lies the catalytic experience of our times, the Technological Revolution. The most significant effect of the Technological Revolution, however, has been on the rate of change itself—the consequences of which we are only beginning dimly to comprehend. Dr. Charles Frankel, the Columbia Univers-

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ity philosopher, reminds us that whereas it took man 10,000 years to move from the Agricultural Revolution to the Industrial Revolution, it took only 150 years to move from the Industrial Revolution to the Technological Revolution. Moreover, mankind has been more affected by the revolution dating from 1945 than by either of the two big revolutions that preceded it—fundamentally affected, in Dr. Frankel's opinion. As a consequence, we have been pushed into an era of accelerating revolution, in which the only certainty is that things will change a great deal faster tomorrow than they are changing today.

IT IS important that we understand the nature of the changes going on around us, and for that reason we should applaud the fresh note of candor in this year's campaign speeches. But it is one thing to understand the changes and quite another to cope with them. Indeed, the evidence of our ability to cope with them is not uniformly heartening. The truth is that the same changes that have brought us so much material wealth, so much economic and political power, have made us all the more spiritually insecure. There are sound reasons for suspecting that the very forces that practically thrust leadership upon us may also have made us psychologically unprepared to use it.

Three examples of a basic displacement in our traditional values come immediately to mind:

First, we have changed our attitude about bigness. It used to be that people were against bigness, whether it came in the form of Big Business, Big Government, or Big Labor. All were to be feared; all were to be opposed. But this is no longer true. All the public opinion polls show that Americans now accept the need for bigness. "If you're going to do big things," people say, "you've got to be big." So they no longer worry about the small businessman, or the small family farm; the small business and the small farm are unproductive and therefore no longer important.

Second, we've lost our faith in reason. Justifiably or not, we used to believe that nothing was so powerful as a fact. We listened to the man who talked facts, we made up our minds on the basis of facts—or so we insisted—and we were sure that there was no problem that people could not be persuaded to tackle if only they were told the facts. We were convinced that lies, no matter how loudly proclaimed, were no match for a quiet, logical array of implacable truths. But Adolf Hitler, rising to power on a thunderous falsehood, effectively shattered this conviction. Confused, grasping for new faith, we then turned to the ambiguous lessons of Sigmund Freud. We came to acknowledge the power of the subconscious. We began to rely more and more on our emotional responses; something was good if it *felt* good. Our mass media began to deal less and less with information and more and more with entertainment; our political campaigns tended to play down a candidate's record and play up his image. In government, in business, in communications, there emerged a prized group of technicians, the so-called hidden persuaders. None of us, however, is truly satisfied with the new standard of "feel," and most of us are uneasy and resentful under the impact of so many emotional appeals. Thus we stand today, dubious and vulnerable, lacking in respect for the power of reason and unable to trust the power of emotion.

And third, we've lost our will to participate.

All during the Thirties—interestingly enough, when times were the toughest—there was a fairly universal belief that people working together could change the world. One American company expressed this conviction as a corporate principle: "People have within their own hands the tools to fashion their own destiny."

And here is the most disturbing change of all: people generally no longer believe this. The Technological Revolution has shaken the faith we once had in ourselves. We've been overwhelmed, most of us, by the experts and the things the experts have wrought. All that confidence we had during the Thirties went up in a puff of mushroom cloud. As Margaret Mead has said, "We've grown oppressed by a sense that the world's gotten so big and unmanageable that it's very hard for individuals to be able to influence it very much." We can't really control the world, we've decided, so we've retreated to the things we *can* control—our homes, our children, our own small gardens. Thus, whereas not too long ago we were moved to *find* ourselves in a group, nowadays we seem to want to *lose* ourselves in a crowd.

In 1959 Americans spent more than $9 billion on liquor. That's exactly nine times more than they spent on books. We spent $335 million on chewing gum and less than a third of that on educational scholarships. Three billion dollars went for drugs, including sleeping pills and aspirin, benzedrine and tranquilizers. There were almost 50,000,000 prescriptions written for tranquilizers last year—and we can safely presume that most were refilled.

We think of ourselves as the healthiest people on earth. Actually we rank sixth on the list, although our per capita income is higher than that of any of the five nations that surpass us in health. Apparently we're willing to spend billions for medical research and for hospital insurance, but only a pitiful fraction for prevention.

As for our supposed resurgence of religious interest, *The Christian Century* has had this to say: "What America is experiencing is not so much a revival of traditional religions as the emergence of a new religion." Faith in God, as now popularly defined, is essentially a "chummy relationship" with a deity who is generally thought of as a "jolly good fellow," a deity who does not make demands on men but stands ever ready to assist them in carrying out their own projects. "God is now offered in packaged, post-Calvinist, highly marketable forms. *He* is expected to concur . . . with man's reason and will."

To observations like these we can add reports of quiz scandals, basketball fixes, padded expense accounts, and sticky fingers in the government till, and you get an impressive list of symptoms. The question is, symptoms of what?

Some people will tell you—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the historian, being one of the most vocal—that they are merely symptoms of national reaction to the trying years of depression and war, during which America exhibited true greatness. "Like it or not," writes Dr. Schlesinger, "every generation has seemed to find it necessary to sink to the depths before it rises to the heights." Encouragingly, it is Dr. Schlesinger's opinion that America is already beginning to sober up. America's mood at the moment is, indeed, more sober than the mood of a year ago. But I find little comfort in the knowledge that we have been in periods of demoralization before and come out of them all right. The record is too plain that we have come out of such periods before only under the shock of catastrophe—a war or a serious depression. Clearly, if we must depend on catastrophe to save us today, we are already lost. Under the organized threat of Russian Communism I doubt that America's free enterprise system could survive another great depression. And certainly, if anything at all is clear today, it is that neither we nor the Soviet Union could survive a nuclear war.

IF WE are determined to survive and keep growing, we Americans must meet a situation that has no historical precedent, one that neither we nor any other people has ever had to face before. We can no longer tolerate the proposition that public morality increases only in direct ratio to a decrease in living standards. We can no longer accept the notion that in order to be good

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and idealistic, people must be poor or at war.

Like no nation before us, America today is suffering from an excess of prosperity. Our dilemma, simply stated, is how to cure ourselves without losing the riches, how to reach the Kingdom of Heaven without squeezing through the needle's eye. The challenge ahead, then, boils down to this: how to plan our lives and our future so that we can live with abundance—and by this I mean how to use the vast material products of our farms and factories not merely as things to be enjoyed for themselves, but as tools to help us realize our full potential as free human beings.

As an expression of faith, I say we *can* summon the strength and intelligence to meet this challenge, and do so voluntarily. Furthermore, as a premise for action, I say that what we've been seeing these past fifteen years are not the signs of decadence but the symptoms of growth. Growing pains, if you please.

As a nation I think we've been going through a sort of adolescent tug-of-war with ourselves, the kind of thing a teen-ager goes through in that familiar, mysterious process of finding his own identity. It occurs to me that we are very much like the precocious kid who found a refuge in books, who thought the end-all and be-all in life was to be the class valedictorian, but who, now that he's been named class valedictorian and been graduated, wonders seriously if there's anything left to live for. Or maybe, more accurately, we're like the star football player who puts his heart and soul into making All-American and who, once he's made it, feels there's no place else to go; he's had it. And before he finds that there are plenty of new places to go, he's likely to get drunk and drive recklessly and show off his muscles to anybody who'll watch.

I think all of us in America are similarly adjusting. We're having to find ourselves, perhaps redefine our goals—because we've discovered that we set our goals too low.

In the main, our goals in this country have been material goals. We've dreamed of a house in the suburbs, a new car every two years, a chicken in the pot. Today, most of us have the house in the suburbs, a car every two years. Many of us even have two cars. And now that we've got all this, we're discovering a very simple truth: they don't necessarily mean happiness. And we're asking ourselves: After two cars, what? After materialism, what?

Nowhere is our disillusionment stated more succinctly than in the fashionable nihilism of the Broadway theatre. By and large our serious plays since the war have been peopled by characters who do not say merely, "I don't know what life is about, I don't know what I want." They say, "I don't know what I want and what's more I wouldn't want it if I did."

Curiously, the one conspicuous exception, "Raisin in the Sun," only proves the rule. Here *is* a play of hope, a play about people who know precisely what they want, people whose courage and fortitude make you feel humble, if not downright ashamed. Seeing it, I was stirred. But reflecting on it I was filled with misgivings. I think we applaud "Raisin in the Sun" almost out of nostalgia. The hopes, the fears, the aspirations of the Chicago Negroes whose story it tells as contemporary were the hopes, the fears, the aspirations of the white majority in the Thirties. The sense of purpose, of being irresistibly a participant in history, of being human and almost *ipso facto* righteous—this was our feeling during the depression years, and in retrospect they seem to be such exciting years, almost inspiring years. So, in this sense, we almost envy the Negro community even as we sympathize with it and vicariously experience its oppression. But, finally, we face the truth, for what it has to say about ourselves and about our failure to grow spiritually. The values expressed in "Raisin in the Sun" are materialistic values, just as ours were in the days of the New Deal. And after the curtain falls, the gnawing questions begin: "Once this Negro family gets its house in the suburbs, and the son gets a job with a decent minimum wage, and they all win the right to join the tennis club —then what?" Aud we all know the answer. They'll be just like us, and we feel sorry for them again.

THE sociologists have a word for all this. The word is alienation. As defined by Dr. Melvin Seeman, who has made a keen analysis of the problem, alienation refers to powerlessness, to the sense of being controlled by alien forces, of being unable to determine the outcome of events: war, unemployment, race problems. Alienation refers to meaninglessness, to the sense of being involved in complex, unintelligible affairs. And, finally, alienation refers to what we might call self-estrangement, to the sense of being unable to realize a directly satisfying self-image, of being other-directed, of being involved in work in which intrinsic meaning has been lost in routine—being unable, that is, to participate in spontaneous acts of work and play which are their own reward.

If the Technological Revolution is the cause of the vast changes since 1945, alienation is the effect. Alienation is the sickness of our times.

And how do we cure ourselves? Oddly, though our social psychologists agree that the primary need generated by an alienated society is the need for people to be their own masters, none can tell us yet how to appeal to that need. We know how to appeal to other needs—the need to be comforted, soothed, reassured. Our advertising people and our politicians—Mr. Eisenhower has been particularly adept at this—have learned how to project the good-father image expertly. But the nature of alienation is such as to obscure, even as it aggravates, the individual's need for self-realization and self-assertion. For this reason, the cure is not likely to be through person-to-person exhortation; it's almost impossible to redeem a sinner who doesn't know he's sinned.

Rather, I think the cure will come in the form of some distinctively inspiring popular movement that will restore to the American people the sense that events *can* be controlled, even when their effects cannot be foreseen. Such a movement, of course, will require leadership of heroic dimensions, com-

(*Continued on page* 29)

"Don't lean so heavily on your end. Watch out for that big wave. Keep clear of that school of fish just ahead . . ."

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The Unsuccessful Gamblers

By Granville Hicks

BRIAN MOORE habitually chooses what seem to be unpromising subjects for his novels. In "The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne" he wrote about a neurotic old maid, in "The Feast of Lupercal" about a shy schoolteacher. In "**The Luck of Ginger Coffey**" (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4) his hero is a cheerfully self-deceiving failure. We have met such persons again and again, we feel, both in life and in fiction, and we wonder what can be said about them that is fresh and revealing. But Moore has proved in "Judith Hearne" and "The Feast of Lupercal," and proves again in "Ginger Coffey," that he can say a great deal.

Ginger is in his fortieth year when we meet him, and we soon realize that he has held a series of mediocre jobs and held none of them for long. His predicament at the moment is particularly desperate, for his venture in Canada, on which he counted heavily, has come to nothing. His wife is pressing him to return to Ireland, but, without her knowing it, he has spent their passage money. Yet, as he walks into an unemployment bureau that first morning, he is as jaunty and as confident as ever.

The novel describes the events that destroy Ginger's illusions, which die hard. He takes a poorly paid job as proofreader on a newspaper, but is certain that he will soon be a reporter. The worst blow comes when his wife leaves him, announcing that she wants to get a divorce and marry another man. Ginger is vain enough to suffer deeply from this, and jealousy fills his nights with haunting visions. He tries to rebuild his life on his relationship with his fourteen-year-old daughter, but he is compelled to realize that there is no understanding between them. Moore has a great gift for making us feel the kind of anguish that, in others, we usually dismiss as negligible, and we suffer with Ginger.

Yet he still has his buoyant moments, and it is the old Ginger Coffey who gambles his wife and his economic future on his being made a reporter. When the gamble fails, he assumes the pose of desperation, and, by mischance, ends up in jail. This, however, has the unexpected result of reconciling him with Veronica, his wife.

Perhaps the most poignant moment comes when Ginger, in the course of the reconciliation, becomes aware that the great passion for Veronica, of which he made so much during the time of separation, is another of his illusions. She is just an ordinary woman, showing the effects of her years and the far from easy life he has led her. And he—he is a mediocrity and always will be. When he faces these facts, he sees that they are not so terrible.

> He had tried: he had not won. But oh! what did it matter? He would die in humble circs: it did not matter. There would be no victory for Ginger Coffey, no victory big or little for there, on the courthouse steps, he had learned the truth. Life was the victory, wasn't it. Going on was the victory. For better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health till . . .

Moore not only makes us believe that Ginger has achieved this kind of resignation; he makes us feel that it is a major triumph. As all three of his novels show, Moore has a powerful sense of the pathos of life. Like Judith Hearne and Diarmuid Devine, the schoolteacher of "The Feast of Lupercal," Ginger could easily be made a joke, but Moore treats him, as he treats them, with dignity and affection. He is not blind to one of their defects; there is something radiant about his honesty. But compassion goes hand in hand with clearsightedness.

"Ginger Coffey" is Brian Moore's first novel to be laid in Canada, though he has been a resident of Montreal since 1948. Morley Callaghan, on the other hand, is a veteran Canadian novelist. "**The Many Colored Coat**" (Coward-McCann, $4.50) is his first novel since "The Loved and the Lost," which was published in 1952, and, like its predecessor, it is set in Montreal.

Harry Lane, the novel's hero, as we first meet him might be regarded as a luckier Ginger Coffey. He handles public relations for a liquor firm, and because he is charming and eager to please and knows the right people, he does a good job. Harry is, however, a less superficial person than he appears to be, and the book is concerned with an emotional crisis that reveals the depths of his nature.

The crisis comes about in a strange and complicated way. One of the persons Harry charms is a middle-aged bank manager named Scotty Bowman. Bowman, fascinated by Harry's gay and extravagant way of life, begins to crave easy money, and, on his own initiative and in the hope of a cut for himself, he lends Harry bank funds for a stock deal on insufficient security. The deal falls through, and Bowman is arrested.

Although Bowman is found guilty and given a short prison sentence, his lawyer manages to make it appear that Harry is morally responsible. He is aided in this by the testimony of one of Bowman's staunch friends, Mike Kon, a tailor. When Bowman commits suicide, public opinion turns strongly against Harry, and he has to give up his job. His bewilderment is transformed into an anguished struggle to justify himself.

Harry's resentment has already been directed against Mike Kon, and the bitterness is intensified by a quarrel over a suit the former has bought from the latter. The quarrel is publicized, and Harry is again the loser, but he finds a way of revenge. He wears the suit at all times, seeking out the places that Mike frequents. Public opinion veers again, and Mike is hurt in his business and in his pride. Thus we have two aggrieved and obsessed men, and Callaghan traces their mad conflict to a credible conclusion.

Callaghan has told the story in a curiously involved fashion. At first Scotty Bowman seems the central character, but then we realize that Harry is the principal figure. In the latter part of the book, however, he shares our attention with Mike Kon. We enter the minds not only of these three but also of many minor characters. I suppose Callaghan was convinced that this was how the story had to be told, but I prefer the sharp, clean lines of "Ginger Coffey."

WHETHER he could have told the story differently or not, Callaghan has at any rate succeeded in making his point, for the novel is an impressive study of human vulnerability. At the beginning all three of the leading characters appear to be firmly established, but in a matter of weeks Bowman is dead and Harry and Mike are ruined. Harry, as he realizes at the end, is destroyed by his innocence, which is not a firm reliance but a great peril: "Then he wondered if innocence was like a two-edged sword without a handle, and if you gripped and used it, it cut you so painfully you had to lash out blindly, seeking vengeance on someone for the bleeding." Ultimately he knows that he must live with loneliness, as Ginger Coffey must live with his mediocrity.

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LEADERSHIP

He Saw the World as an Arena

"Duel at the Brink," by Roscoe Drummond and Gaston Coblentz *(Doubleday. 240 pp. $3.95), presents the late Secretary of State as neither Satan nor saint during the six years that he personified U.S. foreign policy. Herbert Brucker is editor of the Hartford (Conn.) Courant.*

By Herbert Brucker

John Foster Dulles—for six years he was the foreign policy of the United States.

THERE is much in this book that is disappointing. It will disappoint, that is: 1) those who see Secretary of State Dulles only as the hero who gave us peace and strength after the warlike but soft-on-Communism years of Truman and Acheson; and 2) those to whom Mr. Dulles was only the Calvin of diplomacy, who made a peaceful America look like an atom-happy warmonger.

You can document either of these views from the record in this book. And much of its material—gathered, according to the authors, from fourteen heads of government or foreign ministers, plus forty-two senior diplomats—has never been published before.

If the book is neither pro-Dulles nor anti-Dulles, neither is it a biography. The authors deliberately confine themselves to the six years during which Mr. Dulles in a real sense was the foreign policy of the United States. There is is little here, in word-picture or interpretation, of that tall man with the penetrating eyes behind those steel-rimmed glasses, set in a ruddy face topped with white.

Instead there is a skilful and thorough and readable account of what followed when Mr. Dulles, after forty years that had prepared him for his task better than any predecessor, became Secretary of State in the Eisenhower Administration. This is objective reporting, but objective reporting in depth. The reader can make up his own mind.

If Americans are divided in their estimate of Mr. Dulles, it is a matter of common experience that people abroad are not. Mr. Dulles does have his defenders, notably among some of the statesmen with whom he worked closely, like the redoubtable Chancellor Adenauer. But one does not have to travel far or often to find that disapproval far outweighs approval. There are the British, with whom he was never really close. There is the Indian diplomat who said, "This Mr. Dulles of yours is the only bull I know who brings his own china shop with him." Then there is Vice President Nixon, saying with feeling in his acceptance speech that he had seen hate for America "on the ugly face of a mob in Caracas." This brings to mind the newspaper publisher in Venezuela who told me recently that his people had little against Mr. Nixon himself. It was Mr. Dulles and his policies that were responsible for the stones and venom turned upon Mr. Nixon, and for the strongly anti-Yankee-imperialist emotion.

What lay behind all this? If "Duel at the Brink" deliberately makes no evaluation, it does say that Mr. Dulles's exposition of his policies was far less fortunate than the policies themselves.

One example of many given is the famous clarion call for liberation with which the Secretary charged into office. In the early Dulles-Eisenhower days, the authors point out, the President said that the country would "use all its resources to peacefully bring about freedom for the captive nations." Mr. Dulles left out the "peacefully." Then came the East German revolt of 1953, and the Hungarian explosion of 1956. Thereafter liberation and rollback of the Iron Curtain, dear as they were to Mr. Dulles's supporters, had a hollow sound.

Mr. Dulles suffered much from his difficulty in explaining what he really was doing and why. Do you remember the derision that greeted the Eisenhower "unleashing" of Chiang Kai-shek in his first State of the Union message? As this book explains, nobody in the Administration said anything about unleashing. What Mr. Dulles sought was to make the Chinese Reds understand that they might better quit the stalling they preferred in the endless peace talks at Panmunjom, lest the new Administration resume warfare either north of the 38th parallel and back to across the Yalu, with atomic bombs if need be, or else from Formosa. And the truce did follow.

Again, as the world pretty well understands by now, Mr. Dulles's interview with *Life* that gave us the word brinkmanship was not as fantastically irresponsible as it sounded. What Mr. Dulles really meant—though again he did not get it across at the time—was that we must profit by the examples of World Wars I and II. They might never have begun had the Kaiser and the Fuehrer known in advance that the wars they were about to let loose would bring the British and the Americans in against them. Secretary Dulles wanted to be sure Moscow and Peiping knew we would fight if need be.

There is some support in this book for the thesis that Mr. Dulles's greatest difficulty followed from his not sticking by his own training and his insights (which he had previously put at the disposal of the Democratic Administration) and going political instead. In writing the foreign-policy plank of the 1952 Republican platform, the authors point out, he kept the Taft wing of the GOP happy, and the McCarthy wing almost so. But he also stultified himself, and brought on his own unrealistic attitude on liberation vs. containment, massive retaliation, agonizing reappraisal, and inflexibility at the brink. Lost to view were his successes, like Suez, holding the Chinese Reds from Formosa, and the first steps toward a United States of Europe.

In reporting on the Secretary's forceful and fateful years in office, the authors note that when this indestructible man was finally struck down by death the whole world seemed to change its opinion of him. As they put it: "It was partly his heroic final performance. It was partly a belief that Dulles had become more flexible toward the end. But above all there was a sense of vacuum. A large figure had left the scene."

There is little doubt about that. Per-

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haps the world would be better off today had Mr. Dulles recognized early rather than late that the United States should not have been content with merely saying no to Communism by all possible means, including befriending bemedaled Trujillos and making military pacts with feudal regimes; that it would have been truer to its own history had it taken imaginative, forceful steps to help a new world which preferred freedom, but which wanted even more to break out of the status quo.

Still, here was a man. Perhaps Sir Oliver Franks, in one of the many and conflicting estimates given in these pages, summed him up best:

> Three or four centuries ago, when Reformation and Counter-Reformation divided Europe into armed camps, in an age of wars of religion, it was not so rare to encounter men of the type of Dulles. Like them, in vigorous and systematic reflection, he had come to unshakable convictions of a religious and theological order. Like them, he saw the world as an arena in which the forces of good and evil were continuously at war.

How much good was there in the evil of 1953-59, and how much evil in the good? For that we shall have to await the clarity that will come with a hindsight of longer range than ours today. Meanwhile, here is an admirable report on what actually did happen when Dulles was at the helm at State.

The Terrible Ancestor

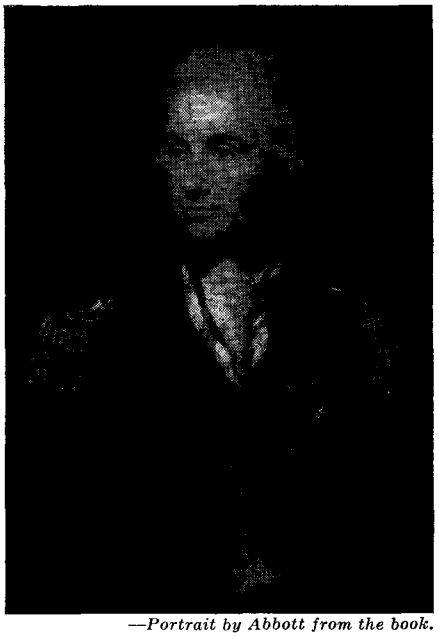
"Decision at Trafalgar," by Dudley Pope *(Lippincott. 381 pp. $5.95), adds fresh facets to the story of Lord Nelson, about whom Oliver Warner wrote a biography released two years ago entitled "Victory."*

By Oliver Warner

IF YOU were to ask an Englishman who were the three most famous men his country had produced, it is a fair guess that he would say Shakespeare, Wellington, and Nelson. Of these three, all are revered, two are beloved, and the same two—Shakespeare and Nelson—hold magic, not merely for their fellow countrymen, but for the world at large.

Nelson's story has the simplicity of outline, the impetus, and the tragedy which belong also to Greek myth—and every word is true. He was an admiral before he was forty, and when he was killed in action, aged forty-seven, he had taken a leading part in four major fleet actions within eight years. He was also a slave of the most famous beauty of her time, and the father of her illegitimate child.

Early in the last century, when the hero was not long dead, buried beneath the center of Wren's dome in the crypt of St. Paul's, Southey carved a masterpiece out of a stuffy official life. The character of Nelson, and the bright incidents of his career, have attracted every generation since. It is not from idle curiosity that a hundred-thousand people visit the *Victory*, his flagship at Portsmouth, during summer months,



—Portrait by Abbott from the book.

Horatio Nelson—holds magic for Englishmen and for the world at large.

and that folk crowd each night to see the stately vessel illuminated, as she has been this year, her story holding an audience spellbound.

In his new study of Nelson's last and greatest battle, Dudley Pope treads a familiar path, and readers will look for every glimmer of the magic to which they are accustomed, and for fresh material, affectionately gathered. They will not be disappointed. Mr. Pope will please everyone who is appreciative of the art of leadership, and of the lasting appeal of the sea.

The campaign of Trafalgar stretched from May to October, 1805. It involved the escape of Villeneuve's French squadron from Toulon, a junction with his Spanish allies off Cadiz, a sortie to the West Indies, pursuit by Nelson, precipitate return to Europe, and two battles. One was fought off Finisterre in July, and was indecisive. The other was fought on 21 October, off Cape Trafalgar, where Nelson, with inferior numbers, annihilated the Franco-Spanish force, and won the most spectacular victory ever achieved under sail, at the cost of his own life. As Conrad put it, he "brought heroism into the line of duty . . . Verily he is a terrible ancestor."

Mr. Pope's quality is that he sets the scene, both at sea and ashore, with patience, care, and skill, and that he gives due attention to characters other than Nelson, so that they fall into their proper place. There is, for instance, grave old Barham, the First Lord of the Admiralty in London, called to his high office when on the verge of eighty, but with unmatched experience and strategic lore. There is the austere Collingwood, Nelson's friend and second in command, munching an apple as his ship, the *Royal Sovereign*, goes into action ahead of her squadron, blasting her way through the enemy line to the admiration of all beholders. There is the Earl of Northesk, third in command, of whom, until now, far too little has been known.

Northesk flew his flag in the oldest ship in the line, the *Britannia*, launched in 1762. She was nicknamed "Ironsides," but life aboard her was gay. Northesk encouraged theatricals, and one of the most astonishing facts about the days of sail is that, in a happy ship, sailors were able to lighten the tedium of watch and ward in the Atlantic with renderings of racy plays. This is a touch by the author which was well worth recording.

One of the hardest fought ships was the *Mars*, and she lost her captain, Duff. Providentially, he had sent his young midshipman son below, just before the action, so that the lad was spared the crowning distress of seeing the tragedy. To the *Mars* came Villeneuve as a prisoner, and he could not have been brought to a more valiant enemy.

The whole scene unfolds with drama, ending, as Nelson had prophesied, in a mighty storm, which wrecked many of the prizes. As for the decision, this was both immediate and long-term. It was immediate, because it broke Napoleon's fleet; long-term because it established a tradition of what Mahan called "combat supremacy" on the part of Nelson's heirs, which lasted more than a century. "In such a death there is no sting, and in such a grave, everlasting victory." That is Mr. Pope's closing quotation, and it is appropriate.

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FICTION

Southland Shakespeare

"Dragon's Wine," by Borden Deal *(Scribners. 256 pp. $3.95), with variations on the theme of "Moby-Dick," transfers to the Deep South the story of "Macbeth." Veteran critic Ben Ray Redman assesses the result.*

By Ben Ray Redman

WHEN I finished "Dragon's Blood" it was with a sense of regret that it was the only novel by Borden Deal that I had read, and the regret was accompanied by a resolve to remedy my ignorance of his work as quickly as possible. For Mr. Deal is an intensely interesting and compellingly powerful writer whose auctorial armory holds more than one effective weapon, and whose mind is capable of conceiving a variety of literary stratagems. To put it as briefly as possible, he is a philosophical novelist who is in full command of both realism and symbolism.

In "Dragon's Wine" he transfers the story of "Macbeth" to the Deep South, plays variations on the theme of "Moby-Dick," and makes three of his minor characters perform the function of a Greek chorus. There are echoes of Faulkner in the book, and there are a few passages that could bear the signature of Erskine Caldwell. But the synthesis of disparate elements is perfectly achieved; the whole is Borden Deal's, and his alone.

The action of the novel takes place in Duncan's Bottom, a kind of baronial domain in Tuxahatchie County that has been held in the feudal grasp of generations of Duncans. The Bottom depends for its existence upon cotton and a sawmill, and when the story opens times are bad, for it is the year 1933, and the old Squire, who came into his inheritance at the age of thirteen, is now eighty. He is weak and palsied, but his absolute authority remains unimpaired, and it is exercised through two young men whom he took into his house as children: Homer Greaves, who is in charge of the sawmill, and Bud Tate, who is responsible for the cotton. The Squire has also a son of his loins named Minor, who, if his father's wishes are carried out, is destined to succeed to the lordship of Duncan's Bottom. But Minor, some six or seven years younger than Homer and Bud, is a weakling, whereas Homer Greaves is strong, the strongest man the Bottom has ever known.

He is strong of body and strong of will. Stronger of body than any other man, despite the hip that was cruelly crippled when, as a boy, he fought and captured the great white sow, Queenie. Strong of will, with the strength of that will at the service of vaulting ambition. What was it that Seymour Prater said when Homer came dragging Queenie back to the Bottom? Prater—a strange man of extraordinary vision, to whom past, present, and future are all one (he performs the part in "Dragon's Blood" that the weird sisters play in "Macbeth")—reputedly said: "Make way for the king." And Homer believes his prophecy, even as Macbeth believed that of the sisters.

Where can Homer, built on a scale that can only terrify most women, find his match and mate? He finds her in Kate, a squatter's daughter. "Just look at the size on her," says her father. "Not an ounce of fat, neither. She'll weigh out a hundred and seventy-five pounds on the hoof, all bone and muscle." The mating of Homer and Kate is a convulsion of nature. She has a will to match his. Indeed, at the crucial moment it is her will that dominates his, just as it was Lady Macbeth's will that drove her husband on to murder. Kate, like her prototype, is amazed that an old man could have so much blood in him; and, like Lady Macbeth's, her will does not survive the event of which it was the cause. She becomes locked in a moment of past time, and lives with but one obsession: she must not "tell."

Meanwhile Queenie lives in the pen that Bud built for her, where she is fed and fondled by Homer. Captain Ahab's first encounter with Moby-Dick cost him a leg, and at their last encounter they destroyed each other; between the two meetings Ahab's being seethed with hatred. Homer's first encounter with Queenie costs him the use of a sound hip, and their final meeting is a battle to the death; between the two encounters their hearts are filled with love. Make of the Homer-Queenie relationship what you will. For my part I can think of no one interpretation that I could wholeheartedly defend.

But I am plagued by no doubts as to the quality of Mr. Deal's talents. He knows men and women—see Homer and Kate, Bud and Corinne, the old Squire and his young bride—and he knows how to communicate his knowledge. He can write colloquially, poetically, philosophically. In short, he can write.

"No, no! I said, 'Bearing frankincense!' "

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Victims of Social Calumny

***"The Gold-Rimmed Spectacles," by Giorgio Bassani;** translated by Isabel Quigly (Atheneum. 143 pp. $3), tells of bigotry and social cruelty in a northern Italian city. Sergio Pacifici's "A Guide to Contemporary Italian Literature" will be published next year.*

By Sergio Pacifici

GIORGIO BASSANI is the latest Italian novelist to reach our shores. In his own country, where he is an editor for the publisher Feltrinelli (responsible for having brought out "Dr. Zhivago" and "The Leopard"), he is esteemed as an exceedingly promising writer. But to date his production has been unusually slim: only recently did he turn from poetry to fiction with a remarkable collection of short stories, "Cinque storie ferraresi," winner of the coveted Strega Prize in 1956. His first novella, "The Gold-Rimmed Spectacles," introduces him to the English-speaking audience.

Bassani belongs to the small élite of Jewish intellectuals (among whom are Natalia Ginzburg, Carlo Levi, Franco Fortini, and the critic Debenedetti) who by choice and inclination are in the avant-garde of creative and critical writing in Italy today. Both Bassani's religious inheritance and his experience as a member of the underground during the last war have sharpened his sensitivity to bigotry and social cruelty; both have similarly proved to be a rich source from which he has drawn the material for his stories.

The present novella, as indeed the greater part of Bassani's previous fiction, is set against the background of Italy traversing a crucial moment. The milieu is Ferrara, the highly civilized, "provincial" city in the north whose palaces and streets are steady reminders of the glorious splendor of Renaissance culture. His characters are from the middle class: professional people, businessmen, students, and intellectuals. The story revolves around Doctor Athos Fadigati, an ear, nose, and throat specialist who is a long-time resident of Ferrara and a respected citizen, befriended and admired by his numerous patients. He is, on all counts, an extraordinary person: extremely refined, cultured, reserved, he has no real friend and spends his free time in unobtrusive tranquillity.

One day, quite unexpectedly, a nasty rumor starts making the round: "Don't you know? It seems that Dr. Fadigati is. . . ." Fadigati, we quickly discover, is a homosexual. Once the great mystery of his "abnormality" is unearthed, the attitude of his former admirers undergoes a rapid change, and the doctor finds himself rejected and derided by the town.

It is at this point that the story takes an undramatic but astute turn. Just as we begin to understand and sympathize with the doctor's predicament, we are presented with another far more baffling case of social ostracism. This time it is the narrator himself, a Jewish university student, who becomes the victim of social persecution. The first anti-Semitic laws are being enacted in Italy and he is soon to be struck by them. He, too, will eventually become an outcast, if for different reasons. Just as the doctor experiences the torment of being "excluded" and rejected when he approaches the end of his life, so does the young man receive the premonition of his banishment from society when he is about to enter life. The anxiety the two experience draws them closer. But the possibility of consolation through friendship never materializes. The two themes have been masterfully joined and the novella drives home a poignant and timely message.

The "Gold-Rimmed Spectacles" is a tale written with considerable restraint: its cool, dry prose style has indeed something in common with Flaubert's.

The reader will find the book engrossing. Let him not be deceived by the relative shortness of the novella: there is more in Bassani than meets the eye.

BREAD ON TROUBLED WATERS: John Lorraine has been a United States Foreign Service officer for a number of years and quite naturally has chosen to write his first novel about a profession that he thoroughly understands. **"Men of Career"** (Crown, $3.95) tells the story of American diplomacy and the Public Affairs Program in occupied Austria in 1953, and explores the personalities and problems of several members of the American colony there, particularly of Crane Marek, a young career officer.

One cold February night, while Marek is on duty at the deserted U.S. Embassy, a young refugee girl appears, her clothes still soaking wet from the river crossing she has just made in her flight from Communist Czechoslovakia. When he sees her, Marek yields to an impulse of pity. His mind is filled with the squalor and hopelessness of the refugee camp that he has recently visited. Instead of turning the girl over to the proper authorities—and to internment in such a camp—he provides her with food, clothing, and shelter, and because of this generous and humane act, releases a swarm of troubles that eventually leads to unforeseen tragedy.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Lorraine has cast his novel in what appears to be a needlessly complex and artificial form. "Men of Career" is chopped into brief segments, some written in the first person, some in the third, some purporting to be sections of a private journal, others to be ordinary descriptive narration. A half-dozen points of view are intermingled with the result that several peripheral characters intrude themselves to no particular effect, the reader is kept at a distance from the figures in the novel who should claim his sympathy, and the story itself tends to become rambling and diffuse. While one must respect Mr. Lorraine's ambitious design, one can hardly escape the conclusion that a simpler and more direct method would, in this instance, have produced a more satisfactory book. —WILLIAM WISE.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 896

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 896 will be found in the next issue.

R'A SRBROH CD
GPF LXKDOM AK
RONDAX ZQPZ TX
APK PSADCZ LX
CPRM ZD LX
SRBROH PYPFZ.

—CPWR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 895

An optimist sees an opportunity in every calamity; a pessimist sees a calamity in every opportunity.
—AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

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PERSONALITIES

Firsts Were His Forte

"Taken at the Flood: The Story of Albert D. Lasker," by John Gunther *(Harper. 368 pp. $5), attempts to get inside the paradoxes of the founder of modern advertising. Osborn Elliott, managing editor of Newsweek magazine, is the author of "Men at the Top."*

By Osborn Elliott

TO EXPLORE and map the human subcontinent that was Albert D. Lasker is no job for an amateur; indeed, even such a professional insider as John Gunther must have found it a taxing and a baffling chore. For Lasker, who founded modern advertising, went on to draw $45 million from it, and then left it cold, was a tangle of contrasts all his life.

He had a strong touch of megalomania ("There is no advertising man in the whole world but me!" he boasted) and yet he had a facility for attracting warm friends, including, one takes it, Mr. Gunther. He could happily pay $50,000 for one painting, or lose $40,000 in a single round of golf, or give away his $3.5 million estate near Chicago—and yet he would "scream holy murder if the telephone bill was high." He could be a doting parent ("Should Edward have polo ponies?" he asked a friend)—and yet he hardly thought twice when he fired his daughter to enforce office discipline. Once, while head of the Shipping Board in Washington, he fired more than 600 people in a single day; another time, when a close associate submitted his resignation, Lasker burst into tears.

The son of a well-to-do miller and banker in Galveston, Lasker was running a newspaper by the time he was twelve; by twenty-three, as the fair-haired boy of the Chicago advertising agency Lord & Thomas, he was making $52,000 a year and was well on his way toward taking over the agency. In the course of his long advertising career he piled up an astonishing list of "firsts." He fathered soap opera, God save the mark; he ran the first beauty contest for promotional purposes, ditto; he put Amos 'n' Andy on the map, and provided national sponsorship for a battalion of show business greats ranging from Bob Hope and Bing Crosby to Eddie Duchin and Fred Astaire. By encouraging people not just to eat oranges (most particularly, Sunkist) but to drink the juice as well, he helped double the consumption of the fruit. He changed the way of life of American women by daring to break through old taboos and taking on the Kotex account (all a woman had to do, he advertised, was to walk into a drugstore, drop a dime into a handy box and walk out with a package of Kotex without so much as a how-do-you-do for the clerk).

Along the way, Lasker found time for a number of nonadvertising "firsts" as well: the first big-money purchase of baseball players (when he was controlling owner of the Chicago Cubs); the first eighteen-hole golf course with grass greens on the West Coast (when he was a part-time resident of Pasadena);

—Dorothy Wilding.

Albert D. Lasker—genius, innovator, advertising man, and philanthropist.

Mary Lasker

BEHIND-THE-SCENES BENEFACTOR: Although "Taken at the Flood" is primarily the story of Albert Lasker, another book may someday be written about his widow, Mary Lasker, who since his death in 1952 has carried on their medical philanthropies. Though she majored in art in college, and never attended medical school, Mrs. Lasker is today recognized as an innovating force in American medical research. Working through the Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation, Mrs. Lasker has for years given significant financial aid and psychological comfort to scientists doing unheralded "frontier" research on cancer, heart and neurological diseases, arthritis, and mental illness. In 1954 a committee of the American Cancer Society presented her with the Clement Cleveland Award, a medal of honor given to laymen for outstanding work in cancer research.

Despite her impressive reputation among medical researchers, Mrs. Lasker's remarkable career has received little general publicity. "I really fear publicity," she once said. "It confuses people and prevents an alliance with you in what you are trying to do together."

Mrs. Lasker is no mere giver-away of grants; her benefactions are based on a sound grasp of what she is about. The concept underlying her gifts is that of "seed money" designed to "finance the financing" of unheralded but notably worth-while projects. Among the scientists who have been helped by her grants and awards at strategic points in their careers are Dr. Selman Waksman, discoverer of streptomycin, and Dr. Jonas Salk, developer of the polio vaccine.

Though Mrs. Lasker usually asks boards of experts to choose the recipients of her grants, she takes an active role in their deliberations, a role for which she has prepared herself rigorously. In "Taken at the Flood" John Gunther writes, "She has had close contacts on a serious level with leading physicians in various specialties all over the U.S. She knows far more about medicine than most laymen—more, I would even dare to say, than some doctors."

At a recent ceremony honoring Mrs. Lasker, New York's former Parks Commissioner Robert Moses remarked, "Hers is the irresistible combination Madison Avenue dreams of—the blend of many essences in the beautiful package. Intelligence, vision, generosity, charm, kindness—Mary has them all." —H.B.

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the first ship-to-shore telephone service, and the first offer of unlimited caviar free to first-class steamship passengers (when he was with the Shipping Board).

Slogans for Lord & Thomas products, of course, became a part of the language during Lasker's stewardship: "The grains that are shot from guns" (Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice) and "Keep that School Girl Complexion" (Palmolive), to name a couple. But strangely, Lasker was seldom if ever the creator of a slogan. When Pepsodent was seeking a name for an ingredient, he said he wanted a word with three vowels and two consonants; an underling provided him with the magic "irium." When a Lucky Strike cigarettes copywriter produced the immortal "So round, so firm, so fully packed, etc., etc.," Lasker bestowed a $10,000 bonus upon him, on the spot.

After forty-four flamboyant years in advertising, Lasker suddenly grew bored with its modern methods. "Research," he once said scornfully, "is something that tells you that a jackass has two ears." With no regrets, he liquidated Lord & Thomas (it became Foote, Cone & Belding), and turned his boundless energies to good works and works of art (he ended up with 170 oils, gouaches, and water colors, including no fewer than seventeen Picassos). Much of his charity went to cancer research, and it was of cancer that Lasker died in 1952.

Perhaps no one will ever fully understand this eccentric, extravagant, boorish, brilliant, sensitive, loving man. But in this thorough and sympathetic exploration, the wilderness is at least partly conquered.

Both Sides Against the Middle

"The Hyphenated Family," by Hermann Hagedorn *(Macmillan. 264 pp. $4.50), ventilates a ghost-ridden closet constructed by the author's German-born father. Walter Teller's next book, "Five Sea Captains," will be published by Atheneum in November.*

By Walter Teller

YOU MIGHT not guess it from the title but in this well-written, interesting book Hermann Hagedorn, poet ("A Troop of the Guard"), biographer, chronicler of Theodore Roosevelt, and author of "The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill," tells the story of his German-American family. You see what he means by hyphenated—using the word in a meaning peculiar to the American experience and language. I quote from Webster's Unabridged: "pertaining to citizens of the United States of foreign birth whose origin is designated by hyphened words . . . chiefly used opprobriously as implying a withholding of full allegiance to the adopted country." Perhaps of all such hyphened and gradually vanishing terms few have been more contumelious and trauma-inducing than German-American. Certainly the German-American thing has bothered Hagedorn all his adult life (he was born in 1882 in Brooklyn) and now he ventilates it again in a kind of autobiography.

A first-person narrative of his own earlier years, "The Hyphenated Family" also turns out to be a vivid biography of Hagedorn's father. It was German-born Father and not of course Hermann who withheld allegiance. In the new land to which Father came at nineteen he found and married a woman he loved, raised a family, and made a fortune; and though in time he became a naturalized American, his heart was not really in it. A crucial part of it always remained with his German mother back home. Ultimately and against all advice, Father made a disastrous return, renounced his American citizenship, built a castle on the Rhine, and sold his U. S. securities to invest in the Kaiser's war loans. Seldom can a son produce a fair and convincing life of his father, but it seems to me that Hagedorn does so here. In fact, it is Father who steals the act. He is the real protagonist, though not in terms of Greek drama but rather in the sentimental horrors of a Wagnerian one.

"The Hyphenated Family" is a tale of divided life individually and collectively, some of the members clinging to America, others to Germany, and most of them shuttling back and forth over the ocean between. Hermann Hagedorn keeps the story clear; he begins with the *dramatis personae*. There are family-proud and *echt deutsch* Grandmother Hagedorn, who successfully silver-corded Father and through him the lives of his wife and children as well, Grandma's daughters, who became Hermann's old maid aunts, and even the matriarch's Prussian lover. German reactionaries, all of them. What a contrast to the distaff side. Mother's family were German liberals. Grandfather Schwedler had come over in 1848, gone to Brooklyn, and set up a liberal German-language paper. His paper had supported Lincoln and later, when Lincoln became President, Grandfather Schwedler in a never-to-be-forgotten moment shook the President's hand. On Mother's side the spirit of Lincoln, on Father's the Hohenzollerns. Beethoven and Bismarck, *Gemuetlichkeit* and *Schrecklichkeit*, new Brooklyn and old Goettingen—it was a hyphenated heritage.

Hermann's two older brothers, American born, were packed off to Germany for their education and one remained there. So when 1914 came the family inevitably was further divided against itself. All in all Hermann was the fortunate one. Though he heard no English word spoken till he was five he did go to The Hill School, then to Harvard. He writes of both institutions with love. They deleted the hyphen—with help from Mother. "I might easily have become a diluted German," Hagedorn writes, "or, worse, a man of two countries, who did not know in which he belonged, and really belonged to neither. It was Mother who saved me. . . . 'I want one of my sons to be an American.'"

But, of course, scars remained. Referring to his Hagedorn grandmother and aunts, he writes, "The spirit of those three women floated monstrously over our home. So and so many times a year they appeared to descend, and for a boy of five or six or eight or twelve, they became a present cataclysm. . . . German letters . . . to indite a proper epistle and to do it in German script! Those letters, so polite, so formal, ruined my epistolary style for life, and my letters today reflect those early suppressions of everything that was individually myself." Nor has asparagus been the same since. The sprouts now are all green and slender but then they were "white and portly, like Brünhilde's arms. . . ."

Though Father could never overcome what his son calls the "childlike acceptance of the infallibility of Authority," and in forty years in the New World failed to get the message, Hermann embraced it and with fervor. Father died about 1920, and so was spared much. Now, fifteen years after Buchenwald, Hagedorn thinks he discerns a better Germany coming to life, one which will finally justify Father's faith. But is the spirit of it really new? Behind the attractive Volkswagen, German Kultur seems about the same. And in a funny way you feel more convinced of it after reading this book.

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The Myth of the Somber Sovereign

"Hanover to Windsor," by Roger Fulford *(Macmillan. 201 pp. $5), contrasts the public and private performance of a series of English monarchs. British historian J. H. Plumb teaches at the University of Cambridge in England.*

By J. H. Plumb

NO MATTER how commonplace a human personality may be, if it is born on the steps of the throne it will develop exotic attributes and acquire a depth and an interest that would have been denied it in humbler circumstances. The British kings William IV, Edward VII, George V—none of them were men of any natural gifts; all were rather deficient in intelligence. They were poor learners and devoid of artistic imagination. Queen Victoria possessed such powerful, direct, untameable instincts that she would have become a formidable family tyrant in any walk of life but she, too, lacked intellectual gifts and could appreciate neither music nor art nor letters. And yet, as Roger Fulford makes abundantly clear in this delightfully written book, they were intensely interesting human beings. Nor is this solely due to the fact that they were associated with great historic events. Mr. Fulford wisely eschews politics and war. He could not in so short a volume have done justice to these sovereigns had he concerned himself with a narrative of events. He touches on them—the great constitutional crisis of 1911 is a case in point—only when they illuminate the character of the monarch.

The reason for their interest, apart from the obvious fascination of kingship in itself, probably lies in the contrast between the constriction created by the hieratic nature of their public performance and the untrammeled expression of their personal likes and dislikes which they could indulge in private. George V amazed the court by striking up a warm friendship with a Labour minister through a common enthusiasm for smoking-room stories; yet he was outraged when a courtier crossed the courtyard of Buckingham Palace in a bowler hat instead of a silk one. Edward VII never checked his mania for clothes, food, cigars, bridge, and the company of beautiful women. His mother, Queen Victoria, nearly drove the court to distraction by her infatuation for a crochety, drunken Scottish gillie—John Brown.

Yet these were all private extravagances. The fun really begins—as with William IV—when the two get mixed. This odd, dotty, peppery Hanoverian could not keep his tongue still even on the most public occasions, and the result was a riot. On one dramatic occasion he stunned the assembled company of courtiers and diplomats by saying in his loud sailor voice, "Now ladies and gentlemen I wish you goodnight. I will not detain you any longer from your amusements, and shall go to my own which is to go to bed, so come along my Queen." Another time he said he would sooner have the Devil in his house than any of his ministers. With his ten bastards and turkey-cock manner, he nearly reduced kingship to a farce.

It was quickly rescued by Prince Albert, who, had he lived, might easily have made the monarchy into a powerful political force. He was intelligent, tenacious, formidably industrious, and a good politician. And, what is more,

(*Continued on page* 28)

THE DELICATE TOUCH: Joan Hassall's unique decorations have transformed many a bookplate, Christmas card, and leaflet into a collector's item. Working in the tradition of the master wood-engraver Thomas Bewick, she has become widely known in England for her skill. **"The Wood Engravings of Joan Hassall"** (Oxford, $5) is a collection of 200 of her engravings, executed between 1936 and 1958. They have been selected and introduced by Ruari McLean, typographer and book designer, who also gives a brief description of Miss Hassall's background, her working methods, and the general art and technique of wood engraving.

1937—The Barn.

1937—Worcester Cottage.

1937—Monk's Norton Church.

1946—A Drink.

1956—Golden Age Singers.

1937—Bee Hives.

1946—Miss Mitford's Cottage.

1956—Golden Age Singers.

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Memorandum for the President

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One of the most prophetic statements in contemporary history was written shortly after the end of the Second World War. It was drafted by Henry L. Stimson, then Secretary of War, on September 11, 1945, in the form of a memorandum to the President.*

The main dangers anticipated by Secretary Stimson have all materialized. The need to bring nuclear weapons under enforceable control, which he saw as the most vital issue of the times, is still being debated. And the same arguments that resulted in the defeat of his position in 1945 are being used today—despite the fact that history has vindicated his stand.

On this week's editorial page SR publishes Secretary Stimson's 1945 memorandum exactly as written.

• • •

11 September 1945

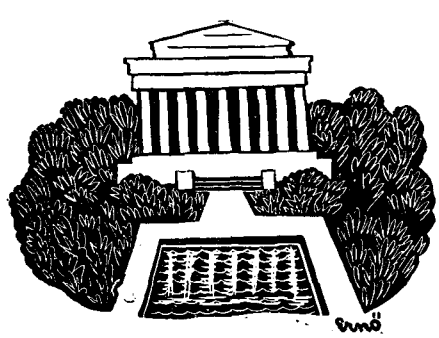
SUBJECT: Proposed Action for Control of Atomic Bombs.

THE ADVENT of the atomic bomb has stimulated great military and probably even greater political interest throughout the civilized world. In a world atmosphere already extremely sensitive to power, the introduction of this weapon has profoundly affected political considerations in all sections of the globe.

In many quarters it has been interpreted as a substantial offset to the growth of Russian influence on the continent. We can be certain that the Soviet Government has sensed this tendency and the temptation will be strong for the Soviet political and military leaders to acquire this weapon in the shortest possible time. Britain in effect already has the status of a partner with us in the development of this weapon. Accordingly, unless the Soviets are voluntarily invited into the partnership upon a basis of co-operation and trust, we are going to maintain the Anglo-Saxon bloc over against the Soviet in the possession of this weapon. Such a condition will almost certainly stimulate feverish activity on the part of the Soviet toward the development of this bomb in what will in effect be a secret armament race of a rather desperate character. There is evidence to indicate that such activity may have already commenced.

If we feel, as I assume we must, that civilization demands that someday we shall arrive at a satisfactory international arrangement respecting the control of this new force, the question then is how long we can afford to enjoy our momentary superiority in the hope of achieving our immediate peace council objectives.

Whether Russia gets control of the necessary secrets of production in a minimum of say four years or a maximum of twenty years is not nearly as important to the world and civilization as to make sure that when they do get it they are willing and cooperative partners among the peace-loving nations of the world. It is true if we approach them now, as I would propose, we may be gambling on their good faith and risk their getting into production of bombs a little sooner than they would otherwise.



To put the matter concisely, I consider the problem of our satisfactory relations with Russia as not merely connected with but as virtually dominated by the problems of the atomic bomb. Except for the problem of the control of that bomb, those relations, while vitally important, might not be immediately pressing. The establishment of relations of mutual confidence between her and us could afford to await the slow progress of time. But with the discovery of the bomb, they became immediately emergent. Those relations may be perhaps irretrievably embittered by the way in which we approach the solution of the bomb with Russia. For if we fail to approach them now and merely continue to negotiate with them, having this weapon rather ostentatiously on our hip, their suspicions and their distrust of our purposes and motives will increase. It will inspire them to greater efforts in an all-out effort to solve the problem. If the solution is achieved in that spirit, it is much less likely that we will ever get the kind of covenant we may desperately need in the future. This risk is, I believe, greater than the other, inasmuch as our objective must be to get the best kind of international bargain we can—one that has some chance of being kept and saving civilization not for five or for twenty years, but forever.

The chief lesson I have learned in a long life is that the only way you can make a man trustworthy is to trust him; and the surest way to make him untrustworthy is to distrust him and show your distrust.

If the atomic bomb were merely another though more devastating military weapon to be assimilated into our pattern of international relations, it would be one thing. We could then follow the old custom of secrecy and nationalistic military superiority relying on international caution to proscribe the future use of the weapon as we did with gas. But I think the bomb instead constitutes merely a first step in a new control by man over the forces of nature too revolutionary and dangerous to fit into the old concepts. I think it really caps the climax of the race between man's growing technical power for

(*Continued on page* 24)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CONVENTIONS AND CANDIDATES

In the midst of usually biased and irresponsible reporting of the conventions and the candidates, it was refreshing to read Theodore H. White's observations on the Democratic convention [*SR*, Aug. 6]. Some of the so-called objective analysts should take a lesson or two from Mr. White.

George K. Zaharopoulos.

San Bernardino, Calif.

Mr. White's report alone is worth the price of a year's subscription.

Agnes Woodling.

Ripley, N. Y.

ROAD TO ANNIHILATION

I should like to comment on Frank Altschul's review of my book "Can We End the Cold War?" [*SR*, July 30]. I am sure that Mr. Altschul would be among the first to admit that if a review involves severe criticism of a politically charged nature, a reviewer owes it to an author to justify his stricture by presenting a reasonable measure of persuasive evidence. Mr. Altschul, of course, has a right to his opinion, but as everyone knows, today a *published* opinion that accuses one of having a "sympathetic approach to the Soviet line" constitutes not only an opinion but a serious charge. Mr. Altschul accuses me of this sympathetic approach on the basis of an unwarranted inference. He boldly equates my criticism of American foreign policy with sympathy for Soviet foreign policy. This constitutes a completely unfair characterization both of my personal convictions and of all that I have said in the book. In this connection I am concerned only with an analysis of the contribution *our* foreign policy is making to the inevitability of a nuclear holocaust. I make it abundantly clear that my criticism of American foreign policy implies no approval of Russian foreign policy.

Regardless of Russian conduct, we can make and must make our contribution toward lessening the fateful tension which, if unchecked, can have but one end. In the book I maintain that *we are not making that contribution,* which I visualize as a new moral approach to foreign policy.

To illustrate my "sympathetic approach to the Soviet line," Mr. Altschul quotes, torn from its context, one sentence of mine which reads as follows: "From the Russian point of view our bases which circle her are the greatest single factor in keeping tension at a high pitch." This is a simple statement of the Russian point of view which anyone who reads the news must agree with. Mr. Altschul avers that this statement indicates a "sympathetic approach" because it is "not balanced by the slightest reference to the reason we have felt impelled, contrary both to our tradition and our inclination, to keep units of our armed services stationed at farflung points on foreign soil."

If Mr. Altschul had completed my thought by quoting the two sentences which follow the one which disturbed him, they would have conveyed the perfectly reasonable question I was asking:

> From the Russian point of view our bases which circle her are the greatest single factor in keeping tension at a high pitch. In view of the thaw in the cold war, would we be willing to call a temporary halt to the work on IRBM bases in Italy and Turkey? This stoppage might even be used as a quid pro quo for Russia's freeing of Hungary or one or more of the other satellite countries.

Mr. Altschul takes issue with me on the question of a double standard of morals, which I insist is unrealistic in a nuclear age. He regards such duality as imperative today for self-preservation and quotes me as agreeing with him "on an issue directly related to national self-preservation." He adds, "But what Mr. Perla refuses to recognize is that national self-preservation *is* the basic issue confronting us today."

Our disagreement stems from our definitions of self-preservation activity. This word "self-preservation" has now become an elastic, confused, all-encompassing, self-contradictory slogan, a battle cry justifying military action in the remotest corners of the world on what sounds like a reasonable theory of not allowing ourselves to be "nibbled to death." This philosophy has now built a national policy which in application will choose certain and immediate suicide at the first sizable nibble in preference to accepting the remote possibility of death at some future time. For "self-preservation" we hold Quemoy and Matsu through our ally, and the United States stands ready and willing to participate in a nuclear war that could easily result in incinerating a billion or more human beings today if possession of these islands is challenged by the Communists. This is so obviously vital to our "self-preservation" that a former Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, could say the islands were not worth the sacrifice of a single American life. I cannot see this type of reasoning as a strategy for self-preservation.

It is just because I do recognize that not only national self-preservation, but also human survival itself, are at stake that I insist in the strongest terms I know that double standards in their various forms must be discarded in every possible area not immediately, unambiguously, and realistically related to a rational concept of self-preservation. I maintain that in the nuclear age, in most cases, not only do double standards not serve the end of self-preservation, but have become the clear, direct, and swift road to nuclear annihilation.

Leo Perla.

Lebanon, N. J.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"It is unthinkable that the citizens of Rhode Island should ever surrender their sovereignty to some central authority located way off in Philadelphia."

PETS PEEVED

Thank you for *SR*'s series of animal cartoons by Joseph G. Farris. Unfortunately, they probably haven't the slightest effect on those to whom they are directed—those who senselessly slaughter animals because they haven't found a more pleasant form of recreation.

Louise A. McKellip.

Teaneck, N. J.

A book publisher, if he is on his toes, ought to bring together Mr. Farris's cartoons in a volume. They have a way of penetrating the heavily armored human skull.

Mary Gallagher.

Boston, Mass.

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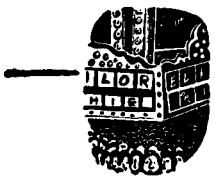


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Bergman as Writer

PUBLISHED screenplays have seldom caused any particular excitement in literary circles. For one thing, they are scarcely very readable, interlarded as they are with *CUT TO*s, *EXT*s, *FADE IN*s, and *CLOSE SHOT*s; and even when these directions are left out of the published versions, screenplays are difficult going (although an exception might be made in the screenplays of Joseph L. Mankiewicz, mainly because of his exceptional ability with dialogue).

Later this year, however, we are undoubtedly going to be in for a change; Simon & Schuster are bringing out a collection of four of Ingmar Bergman's screenplays in translation. Through the kindly offices of Elizabeth Sutherland, the S&S editor who has seen the book through from start to finish, I have been given an advance look at the proofs, and have found myself caught up in the reading of the scripts of "Smiles of a Summer Night," "The Seventh Seal," "Wild Strawberries," and "The Magician," which will appear in a volume titled "Four Screenplays of Ingmar Bergman."

Bergman is a phenomenon that has hardly gone unnoticed in the last year or two. It seems to be established that he is the pre-eminent film-maker in the world today, but it is as director rather than writer that he has come to be honored. Indeed, Miss Sutherland informs me that Bergman was reluctant to have his screenplays published. In his introduction he writes, "I have never had any ambition to be an author. I do not want to write novels, short stories, essays, biographies, or even plays for the theatre. I only want to make films—films about conditions, tensions, pictures, rhythms, and characters which are in one way or another important to me. The motion picture, with its complicated process of birth, is my method of saying what I want to my fellow men. I am a film-maker, not an author."

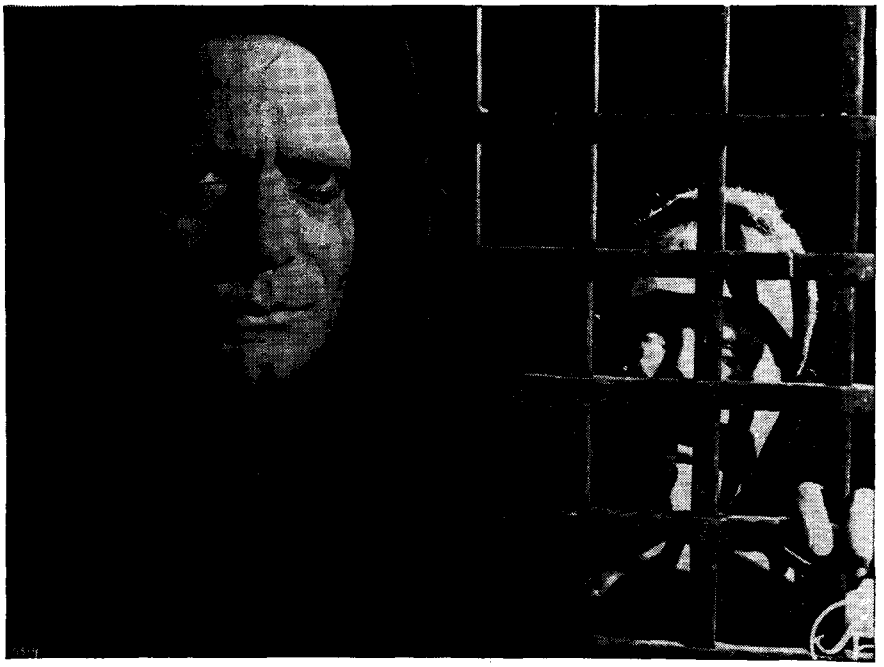
But whether or not Bergman is, technically speaking, an author, he is certainly a writer and a creative personality of a very high order. Divorced from the screen images, the stories he tells hold one through their narrative power alone, and they are written in a manner that is a combination of narrative fiction and the printed play. There are no technical directions whatsoever. Bergman does not break up his screenplays into the Chinese puzzle of cuts and dissolves and cross-cuts that are the so dearly beloved of the scholarly film specialists. Montages there are in his films, clever, startling uses of all the technical tricks of the cinema; but there is not a sign of these in what he has written. Miss Sutherland, fascinated by what appeared to be a revolutionary kind of screen-writing, made a check to see whether Bergman used a shooting script—that is, a further development of the original screenplay. What she discovered was that these screenplays are exactly what Bergman uses. He has them mimeographed for cast and technicians, and uses one of the mimeographed copies to make notes on as he proceeds. It would seem, then, that for Bergman the technical means of movie-making serve the ideas, rather than the other way around.

One might even go so far as to assume that Bergman takes the technical language of film for granted. Having been developed, it now exists to be used as one forceful method—if not the most forceful—of telling stories. If his practice should spread, he may very well put a lot of film theorists out of jobs, or at least prevent them from indulging in the jargon of their trade—sometimes known as montagemanship.

THE reader of Bergman's screenplays will therefore be lucky. He will be able to notice how well Bergman uses words (the translations by Lars Malmstrom and David Kushner beautifully bridge the language difference) and how immaculate is his sense of form. "Smiles of a Summer Night" emerges as an elegant comedy in an area of its own somewhere between an English comedy of manners and a French farce. Fredrik, the middle-aged lawyer, is saddened by the lack of sexual interest in his teen-age wife, and at the same time attracted by the mature charms of an actress who was once his mistress. The characters do not so much play a game of romantic intrigue as they work out a pattern of romantic determinism. The conception would be equally at home in film, on stage, or in a short novel. The detail, on the other hand, is all visual and cinematic.

The detail of "Wild Strawberries" would seem less congenial to film, were it not for the fact that it is Bergman's best motion picture to date. The form of the screenplay is that of a first-person narrative by a doctor of seventy-six, who chronicles what turns out to be the most meaningful day of his life. It is a day of dream and revery, of the present opening doors into the past, of honors for achievement turning ironically into a self-indictment. Here is a sample of Bergman's writing:

> We drove for a while in silence. The sun stood high in the sky and the road was brilliantly white. Suddenly I had an impulse. I slowed down and swung the car into a small side road on the



From Bergman's "The Seventh Seal"—Bengt Ekerot and Max von Sydow.

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left, leading down to the sea. It was a twisting, forest road, bordered by piles of newly cut timber which smelled strongly in the heat of the sun. . . .

It may be noticed that Bergman has even included an olfactory detail. What he has not done is to break the scene down to a series of cuts, although they are there implicitly. Anyone who has spent a year in film production would know exactly what to do, so far as camera set-ups and angles are concerned. It is in Bergman's mind that the important work is done. "The script," he writes, "is a very imperfect *technical* basis for a film." The shades and tones of his vision are what he is after, and these, he has realized, cannot be put down on paper.

His vision of the good knight in "The Seventh Seal" (that most astoundingly original of movies), seeking the meaning of his life as it is about to end, might have been taken from a medieval tapestry. "The night had brought little relief from the heat, and at dawn a hot gust of wind blows across the colorless sea." So the story begins. We meet the hooded figure of Death, a procession of religious flagellants, a young girl bound to a cross that will topple her into a pyre, a company of minstrels, a man of evil, a fool, and a dance of death outlined against "the dark, retreating sky where summer lightning glitters like silver needles over the horizon." This is a vision first written and then turned into film, labored over so that the clumsy apparatus that produces the motion picture will at least approximate what was glimpsed in the mind's eye.

It is this method of creating that has made Bergman unique, the recognition that film can be magic, if the imagination is given sway. In "The Magician" he has looked into the realm of illusion, and has noticed that the prestidigitator, the mesmerist, the mind-reader, mountebank though he may be, is also in touch with powerful forces of the imagination, of the mind, and the will. The artist, too, is mountebank, Bergman seems to be telling us, but he also seems to suggest that he oughtn't to be underrated, for his too is a method of getting at the truth. Bergman, then, is essentially the artist, as much writer as he is a film-maker. His movies begin in what he calls a mental state. An idea, he says, "is a brightly colored thread sticking out of the dark sack of the unconscious. If I begin to wind up this thread, and do it carefully, a complete film will emerge." What? No montage? No juxtaposition of shots? What on earth would the Screenwriters Guild say!

—Hollis Alpert.

REBEL WITH A CAUSE

By Carl Anders Dymling, *president of Svensk Filmindustri, producers of Ingmar Bergman's films, and former director-general of the Swedish Broadcasting Corporation. This article is from the book "Four Screenplays of Ingmar Bergman," to be published in November by Simon & Schuster.*

THE FIRST time I saw Ingmar Bergman was during the autumn of 1942, when I had just gone into the motion picture business as president of Svensk Filmindustri. He was a very young man then, tall, thin, with black hair and burning black eyes. He was still unknown, but trying impatiently to find his way in life and in particular to find an outlet for his erupting creative talents. He began by producing stage plays, on a small scale and with extremely limited resources. I happened to see one of them at the university students' theatre in Stockholm. Here, I thought, was a refreshing young talent, a little crazy perhaps, certainly immature, but with a lot of bold and fanciful ideas. I decided on the spot to find out if he was willing to work in some capacity at the Svensk Filmindustri studio. He was.

He started rewriting some scripts, rather poor ones, I'm afraid, trying to make them worth while. He wasn't too successful. Then one day about a year later came the first Bergman surprise. A script suddenly appeared on my desk, not a scenario but a short novel intended as a film. (For many years, Bergman preferred to present a film in this way before writing the screenplay.) It was "Hets," called "Torment" in the United States and "Frenzy" in England. I read it; it was a startling experience.

Here was an extremely angry young man—long before such men became the fashion—a writer looking at the world through the eyes of a teen-age rebel, harshly criticizing his parents, offending his teachers, making love to a prostitute, fighting everything and everybody in order to preserve his integrity and his right to be unhappy. The dialogue was full of sound and fury, and it is unfortunate that the American audience has so far seen only a disastrously mutilated version of "Torment." I was sure that the film would be an enormous success, and I was fortunate in getting Alf Sjöberg to

(*Continued on page* 50)

Max Von Sydow and Brigitta Petterson in Bergman's "Virgin Spring," which will be presented to the public early in the fall.

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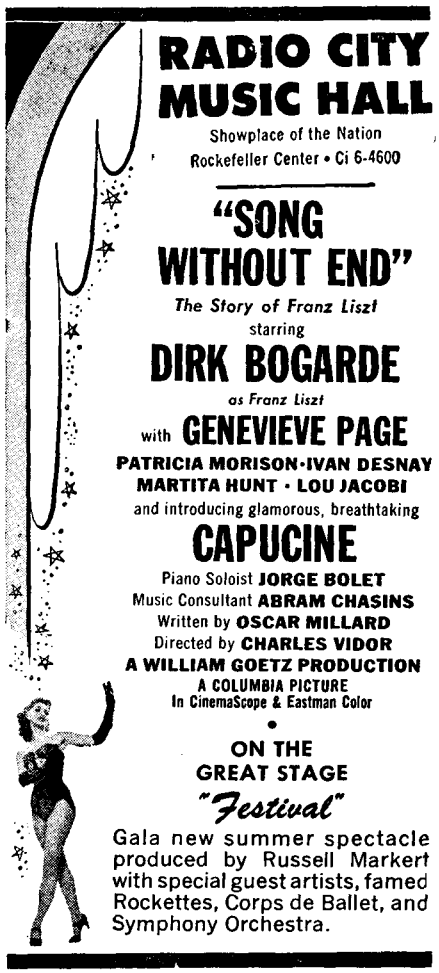

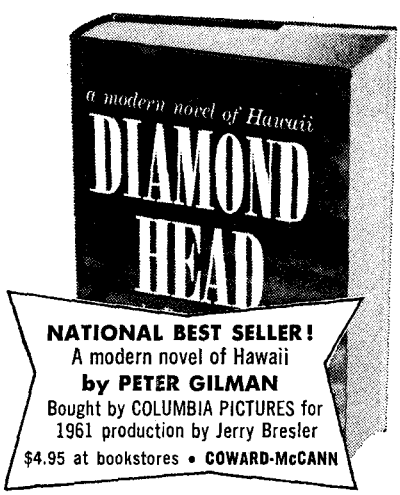
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Editorial

Continued from page 20

destructiveness and his psychological power of self-control and group control—his moral power. If so, our method of approach to the Russians is a question of the most vital importance in the evolution of human progress.

Since the crux of the problem is Russia, any contemplated action leading to the control of this weapon should be primarily directed to Russia. It is my judgment that the Soviet would be more apt to respond sincerely to a direct and forthright approach made by the United States on this subject than would be the case if the approach were made as a part of a general international scheme, or if the approach were made after a succession of express or implied threats or near threats in our peace negotiations.

My idea of an approach to the Soviets would be a direct proposal after discussion with the British that we would be prepared in effect to enter an arrangement with the Russians, the general purpose of which would be to control and limit the use of the atomic bomb as an instrument of war and so far as possible to direct and encourage the development of atomic power for peaceful and humanitarian purposes. Such an approach might more specifically lead to the proposal that we would stop work on the further improvement in, or manufacture of, the bomb as a military weapon, provided the Russians and the British would agree to do likewise. It might also provide that we would be willing to impound what bombs we now have in the United States provided the Russians and the British would agree with us that in no event will they or we use a bomb as an instrument of war unless all three Governments agree to that use. We might also consider including in the arrangement a covenant with the U.K. and the Soviets providing for the exchange of benefits of future developments whereby atomic energy may be applied on a mutually satisfactory basis for commercial or humanitarian purposes.

I would make such an approach just as soon as our immediate political considerations make it appropriate.

I EMPHASIZE perhaps beyond all other considerations the importance of taking this action with Russia as a proposal of the United States—backed by Great Britain but peculiarly the proposal of the United States. Action of any international group of nations, including many small nations who have not demonstrated their potential power or responsibility in this war, would not, in my opinion, be taken seriously by the Soviets. The loose debates which would surround such proposal, if put before a conference of nations, would provoke but scant favor from the Soviet. As I say, I think this is the most important point in the program.

After the nations which have won this war have agreed to it, there will be ample time to introduce France and China into the covenants and finally to incorporate the agreement into the scheme of the United Nations. The use of this bomb has been accepted by the world as the result of the initiative and productive capacity of the United States, and I think this factor is a most potent lever toward having our proposals accepted by the Soviets, whereas I am most skeptical of obtaining any tangible results by way of any international debate. I urge this method as the most realistic means of accomplishing this vitally important step in the history of the world.

HENRY L. STIMSON
Secretary of War.

The Dry Edge

By John Woods

LOOK in, through the dry hedge;
The garden is leaves and a shuffle of crows.
The sundial, near the bramble edge,
Is telling the day, and the day slows.

Down on her knees, my potted aunt
Is rubbing some color into a rose.
No one tells her that you can't.
There is no calendar she knows.

Her old voice cracks in the freezing hush.
The winter gathers, the winter blows.
Round and round the mulberry bush
She shall have summer wherever she goes.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

There's Music in the Blood of B.A.

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA.

IF MUSIC can be likened to the blood that circulates in the pipes and tubes of the body, Buenos Aires is an artery through which the life stream of music courses, year in, year out. Seven days in the week are hardly sufficient to keep up with the flow of events that put this city among the major music consumers of the world (along with Tel Aviv, Tokyo, and other points North Americans are not likely to think of as comparable to the capitals of the Continent, or to the big cities of their own land).

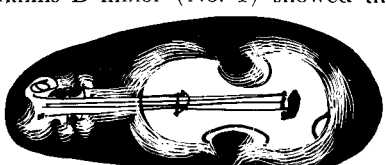
Where else, however, would you find a community in which every event in a world-famous opera house and concert hall is broadcast? True, it is thirty-four years since localites last had a live performance of "La Gioconda," but they can hear it four, five, or six times in two weeks for no more effort than turning on the radio. In that time, similarly, pianists Claudio Arrau, Lili Kraus, and Daniel Barenboim were heard in recital and with orchestra, not to mention the Orquesta Nacional (which did not happen to have a soloist in the program of this period).

This has to do with the circumstance that the Teatro Colón is municipally owned and operated, and performers accept broadcasts as part of the privilege of appearing there. It is not a widely publicized service (I was in town, radio at the ready, for several days without knowing about it) but this is akin to keeping quiet the news that WNYC in New York had a pipeline to the Metropolitan and Carnegie Hall (where indeed it might set up shop now that the famous concert hall is a city property), or a station in Chicago had similar access to the Lyric Opera or Orchestra Hall. It might be known to only a fraction of the population but they would, inevitably, be the ones most interested. To be sure, the city "coin" has another side: for some 30 per cent of the seating capacity of the Colón (boxes especially) are out of the *boletería*—box office—and not for sale, because they are pre-empted by ministers, deputies, and other functionaries of the government. But the stimulation thus provided for the musical appetite (there are several other radio stations among the city's thirteen which provide a choice between, say, recorded versions of "Fidelio" or "Pagliacci" at various hours of the day and night) must have its part in the generally good attendance observed in a round of ten days' concert-going.

The pattern runs to orchestral concerts on Sunday, Monday, and Wednesday (each group with a different conductor and soloist), opera on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday (after the "Gioconda" comes "Forza" and "Andrea Chenier" with Richard Tucker in his first Buenos Aires appearances, Fernando Previtali conducting), and recitals here and there at other times. Hours of beginning vary from 5:00 o'clock (for the Sunday "popular price" opera), to 6:00 (a Saturday recital by Arrau in the Colón), to 8:00, 9:00 (regular time for evening operas), or 9:45 (when the Orquesta Nacional was in session). Whatever other differences may be noted, each tends to attract an audience with which a particular *time* is popular.

A kind of median position is occupied by the "Amigos de la Música," whose orchestra performs Wednesday nights in the Gran Teatro Opera, a spacious but otherwise undistinguished cinema chosen for its seating capacity of more than 2,000. Its hour is eight, designed (no doubt) to appeal to the largest possible number of ticket-buyers, for, unlike comparable music-making in this city, it is privately supported, without aid from city or national government. At the second of the two concerts he has thus far directed, Paul Kletzki had the members playing in closer conformity to the standards associated with him, a result of sheer will power on his part, as well as hard work at the daily rehearsals. A Handel Concerto Grosso (D minor, Op. 6, No. 10) showed some Stokowski-ish touches of nuance and coloring, which, with the kind of laissez-faire that prevails in orchestras, generally, of this continent, reflects eminent authority from the top.

This was also the occasion for reacquaintance with Daniel Barenboim, who had come from Israel, where he now makes his home, for a reintroduction to Buenos Aires, where he was born eighteen years ago. There was a warm welcome from friends and others who knew him as a gifted child, but the response to his playing of the Brahms D minor (No. 1) showed that many in the audience recognized that he was on the way to musical maturity and an outstanding place among the new generation of pianists. Perhaps there was more folly than wisdom in his choice of so cantankerous a work for these surroundings (there is no shell on the otherwise open stage, and the sound tends to go straight up) but the slender, curly-haired Barenboim is clearly one of those who believes in every canon of the bright lexicon of youth, including the first: "Thou shall not fail." It was strong, assertive pianism and much to the point of this work. Kletzki (who allows himself to be billed here, for phonetic reasons, as "Klecki") concluded his well-chosen program with the Symphony No. 4 of Beethoven.



Despite its late beginning hour of 9:45, the Orquesta Nacional had a sizable attendance for its Monday night concert in the Colón under the direction of Georg Ludwig Jochum (he is the "Munich" Jochum, not to be confused with Eugen "Amsterdam" Jochum). According to local opinion, the Nacional "should" be the best orchestra in Buenos Aires, for it has good personnel who don't do as many different things as the municipal Filarmonica, which is also the orchestra of the Colón opera performances. However, it conformed to the general pattern of the other orchestras heard here, with excellent strings, less good woodwinds, and unreliable brass. Jochum's qualities tend strongly to the pedantic, which is hardly the most direct way to the secrets of Schubert's C major Symphony, the "Euryanthe" Overture, or (a rash choice in the circumstances) Ravel's "Bolero." The inevitable local work (this time Tejeda's "Overture Sinfonica") made a thin sandwich—it happens to be the prevalent Buenos Aires kind—between thick slabs of Weber and Ravel.

So far as the quality of orchestral playing here is concerned, the defects would seem to be those of training rather than talent (some say inferior instruments are also a hazard). There is no really national conservatory or high-level training school, which speaks much for the persistence of those who have learned to play the bassoon or French horn as well as they do. It might be a long-range gain for intra-American relations to send a Harry Glantz or an Arthur Bev or a William Kincaid here for a seminar on orchestral trumpet, French horn, or flute, rather than another Dizzy Gillespie. In return, Buenos Aires might send us the means to invigorate our own popular music with an infusion of *t* for *tango* (it doesn't sound right unless you pronounce it *tahngo*), whose current proponents are adding new luster to a long, bright record. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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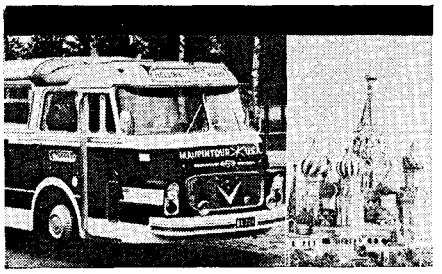

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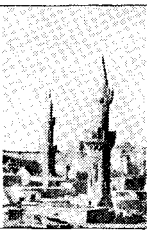

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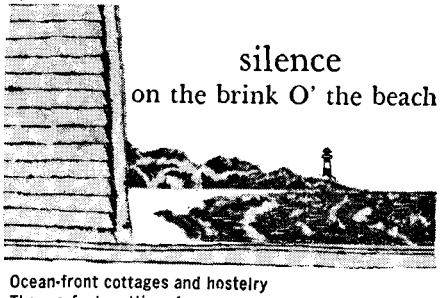

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POETRY

Wide Vision for Narrow Verse

"Start with the Sun: Studies in Cosmic Poetry," by James E. Miller, Jr., Karl Shapiro, and Bernice Slote *(University of Nebraska Press. 260 pp. $4.75), asserts that Whitman's themes and techniques are to be found in the poetic practices of Lawrence, Hart Crane, and Dylan Thomas. Robert D. Spector is an assistant professor of English literature at Long Island University.*

By Robert D. Spector

THIS is an artificial book. Its assumptions are false, its thesis untenable, and its methods bizarre. Out of a collection of previously published essays, its authors have attempted to argue that "a truthful account of twentieth-century poetry *as it was written* (not as it has been critically propagandized) must show two main traditions, not one." To be sure, there is room for dissatisfaction with both the poetic and critical hierarchy. But whatever one's opinions may be of the Eliot-Pound "New Puritanism," a poetry intellectualized out of all emotion, divorced from the "incantation, magic, and passion" that seem most natural to the genre, it is useless to pretend that there has been an important countermovement of red-blooded, cosmic poets following the tradition of Whitman.

What Slote, Miller, and Shapiro have done is to gather their very uneven essays for a demonstration that Whitman's themes and techniques are to be found in the poetic practices of Lawrence, Hart Crane, and Dylan Thomas. Had the attempt been altogether successful, it would have proved little, for the array of names that could be gathered within the conventional classical school of modern poetry would make such a cosmic tradition seem at least numerically insignificant. However, the authors have not been successful. It is hardly to the point to argue, as Miller does, the relationship between Whitman's poetry and Lawrence's novels. It is meaningless to draw upon Henry Miller in a discussion of cosmic poetry, as Shapiro does. And Miss Slote, who is far more perceptive than her collaborators, recognizes the difficulties of seeing Crane's poetry through a Whitman lens, even as she and Miller perceive the difference between Whitman's cosmic vision and Thomas's smaller view of the macrocosm and acknowledge that Whitman's "expansiveness, looseness, and impulse for direct statement" would repel Thomas.

Part of the difficulty arises from the plan of the book. Although the authors reassuringly assert that these individual essays were designed to develop a central theme, it is apparent that there is little agreement among them either on principles or opinions. If Miss Slote is trying to develop an argument for greater complexity than has been acknowledged in Whitman's poetics, Shapiro is equally determined to prove that he was not a writer but a prophet. While Miss Slote insists that "modern poetry has been so long and completely identified with the . . . Eliot tradition," Miller admits that "much has been written about Walt Whitman's influence on modern poets as diverse as Carl Sandburg and Hart Crane . . ." At the same time, it is tedious to read Miller's repetition of points which already have been made in Miss Slote's essay about Lawrence's resemblances to Whitman, and it is puzzling to try to determine the relationship of Shapiro's essay on William Carlos Williams and one supposedly on Lawrence and Whitman, but solely on Whitman, to the main theme of the book.

DESPITE these many faults there are virtues in "Start with the Sun." Unfortunately, none of them belong to Karl Shapiro, whose justifiable opposition to Eliot, Pound, and their party-line Culture has now hardened into a wrong-headed anti-intellectualism (as in his defense of Reich and his orgone box) and whose self-imposed critical apartheid has led to a mannered style that is apparently narcissistic. The real contributions are made by Miss Slote. She gallantly attempts to give unity to the book through an introduction and conclusion that judiciously note the limitations of the Eliot orthodoxy. In her appraisal of Lawrence and Whitman she does demonstrate their common characteristics, and in her essay on Crane, whatever the difficulties imposed by her theme, she manages the most effectual criticism that has ever been made of "The Bridge."

What does emerge from "Start with the Sun," thanks to Miss Slote, is a sense of what has happened to the main tradition of modern poetry.

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The Harsh and Tender Poet

"Ghosts of the Heart," by John Logan *(University of Chicago Press. 79 pp. $2.75), the verse of a religiously oriented man, focuses on the human plight. Firman Houghton is editor of the literary quarterly Audience. His poetry has appeared in SR.*

By Firman Houghton

A SECOND book of poetry invites the announcement that the poet has, or has not, achieved what his first book promised. (It is customary for a first book to be notable for its promise.)

Mr. Logan's second book does not achieve what his first book promised: it is quite different and achieves different things. "A Cycle for Mother Cabrini" was in heavenly orbit; "Ghosts of the Heart" has re-entered the earth's atmosphere. It sizzles, and sometimes flames, but it has lost its celestial virginity.

Most of the poems are narrative. A few, such as "The Brothers: Two Saltimbanques," lack overtones and fail to cast a shadow of their events on the reader's mind. But most of the poems carry an air of excitement about them. "On the Death of the Poet's Mother Thirty-Three Years Later" is harsh and tender at once:

> I saw a face and told it
> All my needs, but my hot
> Throat beat with fright
> As a strange mother bent
> From the stands—her flanks were blood
> In the moon and festive light
> As she heard my plea of hurt and
> Saw my burnt neck twitch,
>
> Arched over me a God-like Bitch . . . .
> Don't think I took this dog
> Too quick for mother . . . .

Mr. Logan can stretch his sensitivity on a gutsy and forceful frame of language. His longer pieces are particularly strong and show that he has mastered an easy and fluid form. His verse biographies of Rimbaud and Heine are tart.

"Lines to His Son on Reaching Adolescence" is one of the most effective of his short poems. "I cannot say to you whether/ In a voice steady or unsteady, ah Christ/ Please wait your father isn't ready." The poem ends "Last I warn you, as Polonius,/ Yet not as him, from now on I will not plead/ As I have always done, for sons/ Against their fathers who have wronged them./ I plead instead for us/ Against the sons we hoped we would not hurt."

Robert Frost has said, "I have some range in the appreciation of Beauty. I can see it all the way from exquisite through homey to vie." It can be said of John Logan that he has some range in the appreciation of the spiritual.

"Ghosts of the Heart" is not "religious verse" at all. Yet through the earthy language and earthy rhythms a religiously oriented man emerges, a poet who intends to play no favorites as between God and man, but whose sympathy lies always with humanity. In fact, God becomes a kind of strange antagonist in several of these poems. The focus of Logan's poetry is always on the human plight:

> Father, I've come in out of the rain.
> I seek refuge from the elemental tears . . . .

ODDS AND ENDS: Gilbert Highet's signature can be taken seriously at times but no one need be so tempted in the case of "**The Powers of Poetry**" (Oxford, $6). Professor Highet has been making five-minute culture-clatters on radio of late, and the present offerings, we gather, are his collected clatters. Do not be misled by the title: a more descriptive one would be "Little Coy Visits to the Professor's Book Shelf."

A sample clatter titled "The Unsigned Letters" begins with the strange assertion that "there is hardly a better way to get to know a man than to read his letters." We are then treated to the professor's adventure in reading the letters of an unknown named X. X was poor, we are told, and a quotation from the letters illustrates. But he was proud and sensitive (quotation), and he did not write like the son of a poor man (quotation), because, "like young Abe Lincoln," he studied hard. And though he was sometimes bitter (quotation), given to drink (quotation), and had bad luck (quotation), he was nevertheless a great man. After six pages of this sort of thing, X is identified as Robert Burns and we are told that "although he thought of himself as a 'peasant,' he was in the truest sense a noble man." So much for the powers of poetry.

The one effort the book makes to justify its overweening title is in a some thirty-page introduction titled "Techniques." There Professor Highet attempts to locate the basic sources of poetic effect, but despite a few half-perceptions along the way, the attempt falls to pieces on its basic assumption that specific poetic effects can be assigned to single specific causes as, for example, that "s shows hatred, t disgust, l and v soft affection, and so forth." I submit that a critic of any qualification could be expected to know that every poetic effect is the product of multiple causes working together. Or perhaps Professor Highet would care to analyze how "s shows hatred" in such a line as "The seven simple sisters softly single." In our opinion, Professor Highet has committed a collection of precious nonsense.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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3. Goldmark	( ) Deborah and Jael
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5. Haydn	( ) Jeremiah Symphony
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7. Pizetti	( ) Moses and Aaron
8. Saint-Saens	( ) Queen of Sheba
9. Schoenberg	( ) Samson and Delilah
10. Walton	( ) Susannah

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Personalities

Continued from page 19

he possessed real sensibility to the arts. The splendid collection of Italian primitives now belonging to the royal family was acquired by him long before they were fashionable or expensive. Without him Victoria was no match for her ministers, and, much as she might insist and meddle, she was impotent. True, George V recovered some of the political influence of the Crown and used it not altogether wisely; but his main importance, as Mr. Fulford realizes, was to transform the monarchy from a closed to an open institution.

Its daily life has become an object of unending publicity; and kings now, as Edward VIII so quickly learned, must conform to a pattern of behavior that is expected of them. Public and private life have become one. Today, a George IV, even an Edward VII, could hardly survive. It seems a pity, for it is the extravagant, self-indulgent monarchs, indifferent to public clamor or public morals, who have contributed most to the British nation's artistic heritage.

Nevertheless, although not one of them could hold a candle to George IV, Mr. Fulford has made them all fascinating characters and written a book that everyone will enjoy.

Cinderella and the Prince of Wales

"Mrs. Fitzherbert," by Anita Leslie *(Scribners. 240 pp. $5), uncovers the secret "marriage" of King George IV and a twice-widowed, lovely commoner. "The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu" is the latest book by Robert Halsband.*

By Robert Halsband

"AS THE young widow curtsied before him, the Prince's violent feelings transformed his handsome, petulant face. He was unaccustomed to hide emotions before society. Wildly he stared through her veil, trying to make out the delineations of that curiously enchanting face. Their eyes met for the first time—untroubled topaz and fevered grey. Then her carriage drew up and, glad to break the tension, she stepped into it and drove away."

"He was very pleased with himself. He had battled for a Christian marriage with this lady and had obtained it by threats of suicide. What did it matter to him if this day's work infringed the Royal Marriage Act? No matter either if it defied the Act of Settlement, which specified that a Sovereign who married a Roman Catholic forfeited the throne.

"What cared George Prince of Wales when Maria Fitzherbert, the woman he wanted, could at last lie in his arms?"

"At least none of his [George III's] brood could marry unless he consented—he had curtailed their activities there. But why did they not *love* him? Could his family not understand that he also had known anguish? But he had let his heart die. Why would they not do the same? He had tried so hard—so hard. Now the burden wore him down too heavily. And into the clouds he fled, away from painful thoughts, away from duty nobly borne, away from reality."

"His son saw that England had become a cage. Wildly he battered at the bars."

". . . the Duke of Kent spent twenty-seven years in the arms of his French Canadian Mme. St. Laurent."

"But somehow she controlled him. It could not have been easy, for nothing maddens a man more than to be scolded for drunkenness by the woman whose couch he shares."

THESE extracts come from a biography, more or less, of the woman who married, more or less, the Prince of Wales, successively Prince Regent and George IV. Nothing Mrs. Fitzherbert or the Prince ever said has echoed down the ages so delightfully as Beau Brummel's question at a masked ball, "Who is your fat friend?" He is such a figure of fun that, except for his Brighton Pavilion, it is hard to take him seriously. Miss Leslie takes him very seriously when he is faithful and loving to the heroine; he is otherwise a contemptible cad. As for Mrs. Fitzherbert: depicted here she is fit to be canonized. "It is difficult to write about Mrs. Fitzherbert without becoming her champion," comments the author, overcoming that difficulty far too easily.

The story of the Prince's liaison with the twice-widowed Mrs. Fitzherbert has often been told; it has such perennially attractive ingredients as royalty, romance, sex, rum, comedy, and, of course, farce. As in a more recent royal

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romance, the lady insisted on marriage, and so the swooning, hysterical Prince married her secretly. It was no more than a sentimental gesture, however, because of the Royal Marriage Act and the Act of Settlement. They lived as husband and wife in separate domiciles for about ten years, and then the Prince made a dynastic marriage with the raffish Princess Caroline of Brunswick, whom he abandoned soon after to return (for about ten years again) to the plump, inviting arms of his true love-wife.

As the strand of a very thin plot is strung out here, we are not given enough of the politics that lay below the surface of the drama. Like previous heirs-apparent to the English throne, the Prince was of the greatest use to two groups: moneylenders and the political opposition; and for the story to rise above True Romance, whose rhetoric infects it, we need to be told more of the political drama. The romantic one is but an icing of spun sugar.

Although a biographer's family relationship to her subject should not disqualify her, it should put her on guard lest loyalty sway objectivity. It cannot be a secret, since she mentions

it several times, that Miss Leslie is descended from Mrs. Fitzherbert's adopted daughter. She even hints more than once that the daughter was actually an offspring of the royal marriage. (If acknowledged, would the girl have been called Miss Fitzfitzherbert?) We follow the girl's career and marriage, described in this style: "As their carriage moved through the summer haze Minney lifted shining eyes to George. She was his at last."

What new material does the book contain? Mainly family letters about the daughter's offspring and Mrs. Fitzherbert's grandmotherly joys. How tedious these are compared with the extracts from letters and diaries of the Prince's circle, especially the "Creevey Papers"!

The book concludes with a skimpy bibliography and an index of appalling inadequacy.

Cornucopia

Continued from page 11

bining as it must the finest intellect with the most sensitive heart. For what this leadership must do is nothing less than to articulate the ethic of a mature America—to develop a new central philosophy, an intellectual spine, around which our people can act, if not altogether masterfully, then confidently and constructively.

America, I feel, is waiting for this kind of leadership, and I'm confident that it will come. It may come from the church. It could come from government or from the universities or even from some of our big corporations. Those of us who remember the vitality of the self-help farm movement have hopes that perhaps the cooperative movement can provide it.

In any event, the time is clearly ripe for a major breakthrough in human relations, and, along with many other optimists, I am betting on it. I think that before long, out of our soul-searching, out of the extremes, the action and reaction, of our politics during these past thirty years, out of the peculiar chemistry of depression, war, a perilous peace, and an incredible prosperity—out of these will come a deeper understanding of ourselves and our place in the world. We will come to accept the fact that in an age of continuing technological revolution, any goal that can be foreseen by man can be too easily realized. We will concentrate, then, not so much on goals but on process, on direction. We will find that our deeper satisfactions come from *doing* instead of from getting. We will come, finally, to a reconciliation between ourselves as individuals and ourselves as society. We will come to understand that if John Donne was right when he said "No man is an island, entire of itself," Thomas Wolfe was no less right when he said that *every* man is an island. And we will learn how to live happily with this paradox, knowing that the healthy ego of the adult human being requires both the self-respect that can be nurtured only in privacy, in the full, confident realization of one's own special uniqueness, *and* the gratification that can come only from asserting one's individuality through the group.

Thus, I believe, America will achieve its emotional maturity. I believe, in short, that as a nation we are on the verge of discovering a new public philosophy that will take off where our faith in materialism stopped. And when we do, there's no doubt that we will face up, like adults, to our responsibility as the leading power and that ours will be a virile, moral leadership that can transform the world.

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(Continued from page 29)

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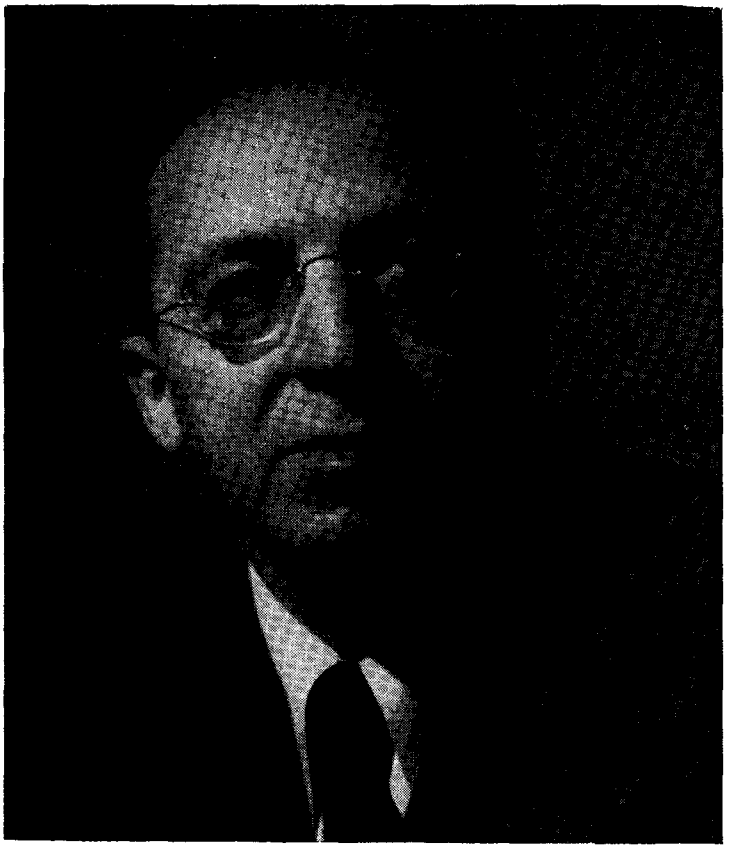

—Boosey & Hawkes

Aaron Copland

SR/RECORDINGS

AUGUST 27, 1960

COMPOSERS AND COMPOSING
By Aaron Copland **33**

ARCHIVES OF FOLK SONG
By Walter Starkie **36**

KONDRASHIN, CRITIC
By Victor Seroff **37**

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Editor **38**

"RING" AROUND BAYREUTH
By Martin Bernheimer **41**

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz **43**

ADVENTURES WITH MATSUSHITA
By Irving Kolodin **44**

FOUR TONAL TEMPERAMENTS
By Oliver Daniel **48**

COMPOSERS AND COMPOSING

By AARON COPLAND, *composer of "Appalachian Spring," "Billy the Kid," "Rodeo," and other works, and author of the well-known "What to Listen For in Music" and "Music and Imagination." A versatile and vigorous figure in the world of music, Mr. Copland has also established a reputation as pianist, conductor, and lecturer. This article is from "Copland on Music," copyright © 1960 by Aaron Copland, scheduled to be published in November by Doubleday.*

BERLIOZ TODAY: Berlioz is the archetype of the artist who needs periodic reappraisal by each epoch. His own period couldn't possibly have seen him as we do. To his own time Berlioz was an intransigent radical; to us, he seems, at times, almost quaint. W. H. Auden once wrote: "Whoever wants to know the nineteenth century must know Berlioz." True enough, he was an embodiment of his time, and because of that I can't think of another composer of the past century that I should have more wanted to meet. And yet, enmeshed in his personality are stylistic throwbacks to an earlier time; these tend to temper and equivocate the impression he makes of the typical nineteenth-century artist.

His biographer, Jacques Barzun, claims that one rarely finds a discussion of Berlioz "which does not very quickly lose itself in biographical detail." Berlioz is himself partly responsible for this because he wrote so engagingly about his life. Moreover, there is the fabulous life itself: the tireless activity as composer, critic, and conductor; the success story of the country doctor's son who arrives unknown in the big city (Paris) to study music and ends up, after several tries, with the Prix de Rome; the distracted and distracting love affairs; the indebtedness due to the hiring of large orchestras to introduce his works; the fights, the friends (Chopin, Liszt, de Vigny, Hugo), the triumphal trips abroad, the articles in the "Journal du Débat," the "Mémoires," and the bitter experiences of his last years. No wonder that in the midst of all this, the music itself is sometimes lost sight of.

Admirers and detractors alike recognize that we are living in a period of Berlioz revival. Formerly his reputation rested upon a few works that remained in the orchestral repertoire: principally the Fantastic Symphony and some of the Overtures. Then came repeated hearings of "Harold in Italy," "Romeo and Juliet," and the "Damnation of Faust." Recordings have made "L'Enfance du Christ" and "The Trojans" familiar; even the "Nuits d'Eté" were sung. Perhaps, before long, we may hear obscure works like the "Song of the Railroads" (1846) or "Sara the Bather" (1834).

What explains this recent concern with the Berlioz *oeuvre*? My own theory is that something about his music strikes us as curiously right for our own time. There is something about the quality of emotion in his music—the feeling of romanticism classically controlled—that reflects one aspect of present-day sensibility. This is allied with another startling quality: his ability to appear at one and the same time both remote in time and then suddenly amazingly contemporary. Berlioz possessed a Stendhalian capacity

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for projecting himself into the future, as if he had premonitions of the path music was to take. By comparison, Wagner, in spite of all the hoop-la surrounding his "music of the future," was really occupied with the task of creating the music of his own period. And yet, by the irony of musical history, Berlioz must have seemed old-fashioned to Wagner by the 1860s.

By the end of the century, however, it was clear that the French composer had left a strong imprint on the composers who followed after him. A study of "Harold in Italy" will uncover reminders of the work of at least a dozen late-nineteenth century composers — Strauss, Mahler, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Grieg, Smetana, Verdi, Tchaikovsky, Saint-Saëns, Franck, Fauré. (Nor should we forget the impact he had on his own contemporaries, Liszt and Wagner.) How original it was in 1834 to give the role of protagonist to a solo instrument—in this case a viola, and create not a concerto for the instrument, but a kind of obbligato role for which I can think of no precedent.

The line from Harold to Don Quixote as Strauss drew him is unmistakable. The second movement of "Harold in Italy" has striking similarities to the cell music in "Boris Godounoff," with all of Moussorgsky's power of suggestibility. Indeed, the history of nineteenth-century Russian music is unthinkable without Berlioz. Stravinsky says he was brought up on his music, that it was played in the Saint Petersburg of his student years as much as it has ever been played anywhere. The Berlioz songs, now comparatively neglected, were models for Massenet and Fauré to emulate. And there is even a suggestion of the later Schoenberg in the eight-note chromatic theme that introduces the Evocation scene from the "Damnation of Faust."

When I was a student, Berlioz was spoken of as if he were a kind of Beethoven manqué. This attempted analogy missed the point: Beethoven's nature was profoundly dramatic, of course, but the essence of Berlioz is that of the *theatrical* personality. I once tried to define this difference in relation to Mahler, who, by the way, bears a distinct resemblance to Berlioz in more than one respect, by saying that "the difference between Beethoven and Mahler is the difference between watching a great man walk down the street and watching a great actor act the part of a great man walking down the street." Berlioz himself touched on this difference in a letter to Wagner when he wrote: "I can only paint the moon when I see her image reflected at the bottom of a well." Robert Schumann must have had a similar idea when he said: "Berlioz, although he often . . . conducts himself as madly as an Indian fakir, is quite as sincere as Haydn, when, with his modest air, he offers us a cherry blossom." This inborn theatricality is a matter of temperament, not a matter of insincerity. It is allied with a love for the grand gesture, the naïve-heroic, the theatrico-religious. (In recent times Honegger and Messiaen have continued this tradition in French music.) With Berlioz we seem to be watching the artist watching himself create rather than the creator in the act, pure and simple. This is different in kind from the picturesqueness of Beethoven's Storm in the "Pastorale." Berlioz was undoubtedly influenced by Beethoven's evocation of nature, but his special genius led to the introduction of what amounted to a new genre—the theatrico-symphonic; and there was nothing tentative about the introduction.

The fact that Berlioz was French rather than German makes much of the difference. Debussy said that Berlioz had no luck, that he was beyond the musical intelligence of his contemporaries and beyond the technical capacities of the performing musicians of his time. But think of the colossal bad luck to have been born in a century when music itself belonged, so to speak, to the Germans. There was something inherently tragic in his situation—the solitariness and the uniqueness of his appearance in France. Even the French themselves, as Robert Collet makes clear, had considerable trouble in fitting Berlioz into their ideas of what a French composer should be. In a sense he belonged nowhere, which may or may not help explain the universality of his appeal. In spite of Berlioz's passionate regard for the music of Beethoven and Weber and Gluck, it is the non-German concept of his music that gives it much of its originality.

For I repeat that there is something strangely right about Berlioz for our time. The French historian Paul Landormy put my meaning well when he wrote: "His art has an objective character by comparison with the subjectivity (*interiorité*) of a Beethoven or a Wagner. All the creatures that he created in his imagination detach themselves from him, take on independent life, even if they are only an image of himself. The Germans, on the contrary, have a tendency to fuse the entire universe with their interior life. Berlioz is essentially a Latin artist." It is the objective handling of romantic elements that makes Berlioz an especially sympathetic figure in our own time—that, and our clear perception of his musical audacity. For he is clearly one of the boldest creators who ever practised the art of musical composition.

An aura of something larger than life-size hangs about his name. After hearing a Berlioz concert Heinrich Heine wrote: "Here is a wing-beat that reveals no ordinary songbird, it is a colossal nightingale, a lark as big as an eagle, such as must have existed in the primeval world."

LA FORME FATALE: It seems to me now that there are two kinds of composers of opera. This thought occurred when I heard Henry Barraud explain his reluctance to plunge into a second opera after the performance of his first, "Numance," at the Paris Opera. His hesitation rang a bell and echoed my own thoughts. The fact that we can reasonably balance the thought of the labor and possible returns of an opera and decide calmly whether or not to launch into one again indicates that we are both different from the composer who is hopelessly attached to this *forme fatale*. We *play* at writing operas; but the operatic repertory is made up of works by men who could do nothing else: Verdi, Wagner, Puccini, Bizet, Rossini. It is some consolation to recall that we have precedent among the great dead who "played at it" too: Fidelio, Pelléas, Penelope. (Mozart is, as always, a law unto himself.)

RAVEL AS ORCHESTRATOR: Georges Auric tells me that Ravel said to him he would like to have written a brochure on orchestration, illustrated by examples from his own work which did *not* come off; in other words, the reverse of Rimsky-Korsakoff's treatise, in which he only illustrates his successes. Auric also claims Ravel told him he was dissatisfied with the final orchestral crescendo of "La Valse." When I told this to Nadia Boulanger, she said that the morning after the premiere of "Bolero" she called to compliment Ravel on the perfection of his orchestral know-how. She reports Ravel replied rather sadly, "If only the 'Chansons Madécasses' had come off as well." Curious, isn't it, that this humble approach to the arcana of instruments combined should be the mark of the virtuoso orchestrator? (Schoenberg quotes Mahler and Strauss to the same effect.)

THE SOIGNE APPROACH: If there is anything more deadly to musical interpretation than the 'soigné' approach, I don't know what it is. (Thought of this during X's concert last night.) When the emphasis is all on sheen, on beauty of sound, on suavity and elegance, the nature of the composer's ex-

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As Copland Sees Them

Poulenc—nervous about La Scala.

Berlioz—needs periodic reappraisal.

Ravel—the virtuoso orchestrator.

pressive idea goes right out the window. Composers simply do not think their music in that way. Before all else, they want their music to have *character*—and when this is all smoothed away by removing the outward marks of personality—furrowed brow and gnarled hands and wrinkled neck—we get nothing but a simulacrum of beautiful (in themselves) sonorities. When that happens in a concert hall, you might as well go home. No music will be made there that night.

COMPOSER REACTIONS: Nothing pleases the composer so much as to have people disagree as to the movements of his piece that they liked best. If there is enough disagreement, it means that everyone liked something best—which is just what the composer wants to hear. The fact that this might include other parts that no one liked never seems to matter.

MUSIC AND THE MAN OF LETTERS: The literary man and the art of music—subject for an essay. Ever since I saw Ezra Pound turn pages for George Antheil's concert in the Paris of the Twenties, I have puzzled over what music means to the literary man. For one thing, when he takes to it at all, which is none too often, he rarely seems able to hear it for itself alone. It isn't that he sees literal images, as one might suspect, or that he reads into music meanings that aren't there. It's just that he seldom seems *comfortable* with it. In some curious way, it escapes him. Confronted with the sound of music, we are all mystified by its precise nature, and react differently to that mystery: the medical doctor has an easy familiarity with it, often using it as a means of moving back quickly to the world of health; the mathematician looks upon it as the sounding proof of hidden truths still to be uncovered; the minister utilizes it as handmaiden in the Lord's work. But the literary man—he seems mostly to be uncomfortable with it, and when he puts two words together to characterize a musical experience, one of them is almost certain to be wrong. If he uses an adjective to describe a flute, it is likely to be the one word a musician would never connect with the flute. A recent quotation from the letter of a dramatist: "If there is incidental music in the play, it should sing on the romantic instruments and forswear brass and tympany[!]" For one GBS or one Proust or one Mann, there are dozens of literature's great who rarely if ever venture a mention of music in the length and breadth of their work. These are the wise ones; the others, gingerly stepping amidst the notes, are likely to fall flat on their faces. These others are the ones that puzzle me—and arouse a benign and secret sympathy.

GENIUS IN A SMALL WORLD: It takes a long time for a small country to get over a great man; witness Finland and Sibelius. Norway has taken fifty years to get over Grieg, and it looks as if Denmark would need as long a time to get beyond Carl Nielsen. If I were any of these men, it would not make me happy to know that my own work engendered sterility in my progeny.

COMPOSER PSYCHOLOGY: At lunch with Poulenc, who recounted at great length the libretto of his new opera, "Les Dialogues des Carmélites." It was easy to see how much the fate of this work, still to be heard, means to him. A little frightening to contemplate what his disappointment will be if the opera doesn't "go over." And yet, he is giving it to La Scala of Milan for its world premiere—La Scala, famous for making mincemeat of new operas. There is something very composer-ish about all of this, for we would all willingly put our heads into the same noose. (Postscriptum: Poulenc won out this time!)

FILM SCORES: The touchstone for judging a Hollywood score: was the composer moved in the first instance by what he saw happening on the screen? If there is too much sheen, he wasn't; if there are too many different styles used, he wasn't; if the score is oversocko, he wasn't; if the music obtrudes, he wasn't. It is rare to hear a score that strikes one as touching because of the fact that the composer himself was moved by the action of the film.

SCHOENBERG AS INTERPRETER: I once heard "Pierrot Lunaire" conducted by its composer. It was a revelation of the value of understatement in interpretation—an element in interpretation which is little discussed nowadays. I was reminded of this by a quotation from Richard Strauss on the subject of his heroine Salomé: "Salomé, being a chaste virgin and an oriental princess, must be played with the simplest and most restrained of gestures. . . ." Schoenberg underplayed the inherent hysteria of his lunar Peirrot—normalized it, so that it took its place alongside other musics instead of existing as the hysterico-musical curiosity of a tortured mind.

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Archives of Folk Song

By WALTER STARKIE

FOLK MUSIC OF THE UNITED STATES. *Child Ballads Traditional in the United States. From the Archive of Folk Song, issued by the Library of Congress under a special grant from the Carnegie Corporation of New York.* AAFS L57-58, $4.50 each (plus 10% tax).

THE news that the Library of Congress has issued for sale two long-playing records of the Child Ballads Traditional in the United States and two other records of folk music drawn from its limitless archives, will gladden the hearts of ballad-lovers, not only in America but also in Great Britain and all English-speaking countries. This issue is also a timely reminder to those in Great Britain of the tribute they owe to the memory of Professor James Child of Harvard University.

We are accustomed to dating the beginning of the modern English renaissance in music from 1898, when Cecil Sharp gave to the world his collection of English songs preserved by oral tradition among the people of the countryside, but it was Francis James Child (1825-96) who was the first to start the quest; in 1857-58 he prepared his collection of English and Scottish ballads in eight small volumes. It is significant that Professor Child, whose interest in the ballads had grown out of his editorial labors on the series of British poets, should have begun by securing the publication of the entire contents of the famous manuscript of Percy's "Reliques," which was at Ecton Hall in possession of the descendants of Bishop Percy. The publication in 1868 by Dr. Furnivall and Professor Hales of the long-secluded folio was the revelation Child needed to inspire his future work on the Ballads.

The publication of Percy's "Reliques" in 1765 had produced a magical effect on English poetry, as Cecil Sharp was to say at a later date. "Its forty-five folk-ballads not only felled at one blow the cold formalism which had characterized the poetry of the preceding age but it led to a revival of taste for natural poetry. It led to Walter Scott and Wordsworth."

The "Reliques," which were derived from a manuscript of 1650, included very old historical ballads referring to the battle of Otterburn in 1338, to Thomas Cromwell, who was executed in 1540, to Fair Rosamund, the mistress of Henry VII, and to the murder of Mary Queen of Scots.

Francis James Child—"unearthed the past to enrich the present."

But when the Percy folio was published, Child exposed the full enormity of Bishop Percy's sins against popular tradition, and showed that many other ballad collections were under suspicion. For this reason, he resolved never to take anything at second hand, nor to trust a line of his projected collection until he had exhausted every effort to obtain whatever manuscript material might be in existence.

Professor Child was one of the first in the nineteenth century to advocate England's claims in music as well as in literature. He took as his motto Barnfield's lovely sonnet on "Poetry and Music—the Brother and the Sister." Nowadays, owing to the unprecedented development of music in schools, colleges, and universities, and the encouragement given to research, we are able to appreciate the significance of all that Child accomplished in forty years of unrelenting toil, and the British can truthfully admit that the most valuable and significant of all the services that the United States of America has rendered to English literature and music has been the collecting and ordering of the English and Scottish ballads by Professor Francis James Child of Harvard University. He has not only unearthed the past in order to enrich the present, but he has also, through his pupils and their descendants, scattered the seed of oral tradition throughout the Western world.

Child died a sad man because he came to the conclusion that only a mere handful of the ancient ballads was still alive. In the old days they had played an important part in the social life of English and American villages, but it was impossible to revive the old life of the village. In England a new order had sprung up that had completely forgotten Merrie England, and the last generation of ballad singers was born about 1830. The invention of railways, the spread of education, the Industrial Revolution, and the political unrest following the passing of the Reform Bill and the repeal of the Corn Laws had made fundamental changes in the outlook of the people. It was significant that Cecil Sharp, whom we may consider a disciple of Child, began his work of collecting ballads in Somerset in 1898, two years after the death of the latter, who left him, as it were, a testamentary injunction to visit the mountains of Kentucky, Virginia, and the Carolinas.

Cecil Sharp in 1898 was even more pessimistic than Child, for he admitted that the twentieth-century collector was a century too late. "The English Ballad," he says sadly, "is moribund, its account is well nigh closed." But in 1916-17, when he visited North America, he found to his delight a living tradition in the Appalachian Mountains, along the borders of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennesesee, and North Carolina.

It was during those wanderings in Kentucky that he came across the singing Ritchies, and it is a charming coincidence that it should be Jean, the youngest and most talented of the singing Ritchies, who opens the program on Record No. 57 of the Child Ballads with her sensitive singing of the Ritchie version of the traditional ballad "The Two Sisters."

Another coincidence is Child's ballad "The Suffolk Miracle," in Dol Small's version entitled "There Was an Old and Wealthy Man," sung by Small himself. Dol Small, too, is a reminder of the epoch-making tour of Cecil Sharp in the Appalachians, for he was discovered by the latter and Miss Maud Karpeles during their ballad-questing in 1917. Maud Karpeles, who was Cecil Sharp's faithful assistant in his work and eventually his biographer, not only has kept the Cecil Sharp tradition alive in England, but has been the mainstay of the International Folk Dance Society, which links the folklorists of the world.

"The Suffolk Miracle," originally sung in England in the eighteenth century, sprang from a version of one of the

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most famous Greek ballads of the archaic Acritas period (the earliest European ballads of all) called "Constantine and Arete" or "The Dead Brother's Return," which was brought to England from Greece by sailors; it is a macabre ballad of death and plague in which a brother returns from the grave to bring his sister back to her dying mother. It fascinated the peoples of central Europe, especially the Germans, leading up to the flowering ballad cult and Bürger's celebrated poem "Lenore," which Walter Scott translated. I myself heard a gypsy version of the Greek ballad sung like a keening song by a Hungarian gypsy woman in Transylvania in 1929. Small's version is so lacking in the macabre or tragic that we do not even know that the lover actually dies in the third stanza. At the end the American version points a moral, which is rare in traditional ballads and is a proof that it has come through the printed broadside.

"Edward," which is sung by Mrs. Crockett Ward in a typical traditional Appalachian version, treats the theme of fratricide, a common one in ballads, but it has not the breathless anxiety and terse tragedy of the rapid question-and-answer between mother and guilty son which make the original Scottish ballad so poignant:

"Why dois your brand sae drap wi bluid?
Edward, Edward!
O I hae killed my hauke sae guid mither, mither!"

This ballad, which is unmatched in the whole range of balladry, can be traced back to the copy given to Bishop Percy for his "Reliques" by Sir David Dalrymple.

For sheer humor we would give preference to the two variants on Child's "The Farmer's Curst Wife" and "The Crafty Farmer." The former is a rollicking example of the war between the sexes which has always been an inspiration to authors from Chaucer to Bernard Shaw, and makes equal appeal to both women and men: to women because they are shown to be infinitely more resourceful than their husbands, to men because they used not be ashamed at being henpecked when the devil himself has to take the hindmost. According to an Irish version of the ballad, the moral is that women are worse than men because when they're sent down to Hell they get sent back again. The whistling chorus, which adds to the roguish humor of the ballad, is found in many English ballads in Sussex and Cornwall.

We should like to give unstinted praise to the editing of these records by Bertrand H. Bronson, musicologist at the University of California.

Kondrashin, Critic

By VICTOR SEROFF

IN THE June, 1960, issue of *Sovietskaya Musica* there appears an article entitled: "Our Orchestras Should and Can Be the Best in the World," by the Russian conductor Kyril Kondrashin. Unfortunately, to support this proposition Kondrashin offers little beyond his "profound faith in the talent of our [Soviet] musicians and the boundless creative capacity of Soviet collectives [orchestras], which are working under conditions such as no orchestra outside of Russia could dare to dream about."

What Kondrashin does in his article is to set forth a list of reasons for the low standards of the Soviet orchestras in comparison with those in Western Europe and the United States. These observations are illuminating and interesting, for he is fortunate to have had an opportunity not only to hear, but also to work with, several orchestras in the United States, England, and France, in company with Van Cliburn.

In the opening paragraph of his article Kondrashin pays tribute to "such first-class orchestras" as the Czech Philharmonic, the New York, Boston and Philadelphia orchestras, and the French *Orchestre Radiodiffusion*, which in recent years have visited the Soviet Union. He points to the "culture of their ensemble," to "the harmonious sound," and to the balance within every section as well as in the orchestra as a whole. These he attributes to the great work at rehearsals, but "above all to the excellent understanding by each individual musician of his creative task in every 'episode' of the composition." He grants their superiority in virtuosity, in an ability to overcome rhythmical difficulties, and clarify the thematic lines of a composition. "But," he says, "where an emotional expression has to be shown, our orchestras know no peer."

Having announced this superlative quality, he then blames for the low standards of Soviet orchestras the poverty of their repertoire. For years, he says, the orchestras were forced to perform mostly compositions of an emotional character, which led some conductors to exaggerations in their interpretations. "Unfortunately we hardly played Haydn, Mozart, or Bach, and very seldom the composers of the first part of the twentieth century, Debussy, Ravel, Mahler and Stravinsky, not to mention Hindemith and Bartók." These lacks, according to him, caused an overriding uniformity in the performance of compositions of definite different styles. And today, as the Soviet orchestras enlarge their repertoire, they are confronted with problems in differentiating the nuances indicated by various composers.

He believes that N. S. Golovanov, who was long active as conductor of many major Soviet orchestras, is chiefly to blame, for in Kondrashin's opinion Golovanov's interpretations were unsuitable for most of the Western classics and for the music of the twentieth century. "These hammering basses, the overemphasized accentuations, the exaggerated vibration of the string instruments, and the constant abuse of fortissimo by the percussion instruments even today prevail in the orchestras." According to him, many Soviet orchestras still suffer from a lack of knowledge of the difference betwen forte and fortissimo, from exaggerated crescendos and "lazy," as he says, "as a rule, late-in-coming diminuendos."

Mr. Kondrashin further complains about the high pitch on which the violin sections of the orchestras seem to insist: "They claim that in this way their instruments gain clarity and brighter color," but actually, Kondrashin says, they merely sound louder, whether it is necessary or not. The conductor is also chagrined by French horn players' constant use of vibrato. This might be effective, he says, in the solo part in Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony, or in some other cantilena passages, but when four French horns use this method in chordal harmony the intonation of the sound is marred.

Most of these "defects" and "reasons," it seems to me, should be laid at the feet of the conductors and not the orchestras. Do not the Soviet orchestras play as their conductors tell them to? Or are they "a pack of mad hounds," as Debussy once called the orchestra men whom he had difficulty in leading. Perhaps inadvertently, another question is also brought to mind: Why has Russia, which has produced so many fine instrumentalists, produced relatively so few conductors of the first rank?

In Mr. Kondrashin's opinion, the root of the evil lies in the schooling at

(*Continued on page* 45)

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Recordings in Review

Firkusny's Chopin

CHOPIN: *Sonata in B minor.* SCHUMANN: *"Kinderscenen." Rudolf Firkusny, piano.* Capitol SP 8526, $5.98.

Nothing is noted on this disc to suggest who shared the studio with Firkusny when this sonata was recorded, but the results suggest that it might well have been Chopin's ghost. Esteem has never been lacking in these pages for Firkusny's musical attributes, but performance of this quality inches upward from the neighborhood of good and very good, even excellent, to the vicinity of greatness.

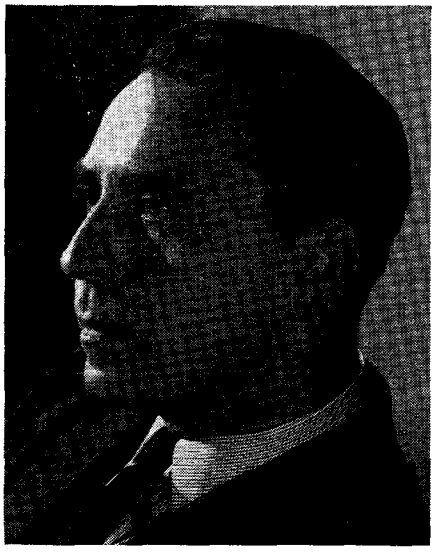
It may, of course, have been just this kind of results—relaxed, flexible, mobile, and assured, with an individual accent and poetic sensitivity—that Firkusny has been aiming at in the twenty years plus of his American career. But if it is difficult to attain the kind of projection and measured statement required to give the sound of spontaneity in a concert hall, it is even more difficult to sustain the same kind of effect through the length of a recording.

Now that Firkusny has shown us his mastery of that particular secret, let us hope that he will settle for nothing less in future recordings. His Schumann (a composer for whom he has always had a decided sympathy) is typically disciplined, with the kind of control in "Träumerei" that asks more of a pianist than Liszt's Second, Eleventh, or Fourteenth Rhapsody. Highly satisfactory piano sound, too.

Furtwaengler Reissues

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 4, Wilhelm Furtwaengler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic.* Electrola E 90995, $5.98. WAGNER: *Prelude to "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser" overture.* LISZT: *"Les Préludes." Furtwaengler conducting the Vienna Philharmonic.* Electrola E 90997, $5.98.

If the Toscanini public may have continuing opportunities to buy and enjoy the best of his recordings, why not the same privilege for the Furtwaengler following? No reason at all, as this sampling of a literature newly available in German pressings portends. Among others noted for early release is the famous version of Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" with the Berlin Philharmonic, promised at various times by RCA Victor (which no longer has any rights to this literature) but never delivered.



Rudolf Firkusny—"individual accent and poetic sensitivity."

No date of recording is offered for the Vienna Philharmonic product, but there need be no mystery at all with the Brahms, for it is derived from a concert of October 24, 1948. As with the monumental Beethoven No. 9 produced from a Bayreuth concert, there is something more to a Furtwaengler concert performance than even the best of his studio sessions. Unquestionably, he derived a stimulation from the audience, a charge which in turn he gave back to it through the orchestra.

There need be no hesitation in proclaiming this a great Brahms No. 4, perhaps the equal of any (except, of course, in the inevitable matter of reproduction) on records. It has size, dimensions, direction — and a cumulative power in the finale which brings all its values into balance and focus. The slow movement is in a class by itself—taken at a deliberate pace and with a gravity of manner that truly realizes the frequently proclaimed but rarely experienced attribute of *depth* in music. Given a reproducing unit of sufficient output, the sound can be described as not too bad.

The Vienna Philharmonic collection, while very well performed by the orchestra, doesn't yield as much that is of enduring interest. The "Lohengrin" prelude is beautifully detailed, but there are some unseemly accelerations in the "Tannhäuser," especially in its final phases. Like his contemporary Mengelberg, Furtwaengler finds more in "Les Préludes" than most do, though it requires better sound than is herein provided to make its full effect.

Major (Minor) Mendelssohn

MENDELSSOHN: *Concertos No. 1 (G minor) and No. 2 (D minor). Rudolf Serkin, piano, with Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* Columbia MS 6128, $5.98.

Those who conceive the piano music of Mendelssohn in terms of quick, darting attacks and ladylike stroking of the keys are advised to skip what follows. For if there is lightness in appropriate measure at Serkin's disposal, neither he nor Ormandy is disposed to temporize where the effective use of the strengths each commands is concerned. The results tend to point out a little moral as to why these works have gone out of fashion for public performance: it is the fashion that is at fault, not the works.

What makes Serkin so satisfactory a performer of them is that he shares the musical enthusiasms that dominated Mendelssohn's own formative period—Mozart and Beethoven (also, if a reminder is needed, Bach). Thus he senses unerringly the elements of classic discipline that dominated Mendelssohn's thinking, together with the deviations and alterations he undertook on his own.

It is interesting to note that both works have similar strengths and weaknesses: two excellent movements at the beginning, a weaker one at the end. Curiously enough, the finales are much in the scherzo style of the superb summation of the violin concerto, but whereas that one takes wings, these seem barely to raise themselves from the surface, and never really attain much altitude. Needless to say, this has nothing to do with the performances, which are unremittingly purposeful, commonly conceived, and executed with the precision of men sure of their tools and of each other. The recording qualifies for the responsibility put upon it.

"Rhenish" a la Giulini

SCHUMANN: *Symphony No. 3 in E flat ("Rhenish"); "Manfred" Overture. Carlo Maria Giulini conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel S 35753, $5.98.

To judge from the majority of the recordings thus far to his credit, Carlo Maria Giulini has learned what, in the opinion of Miguel de Cervantes, is "the

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most difficult lesson in the world"—which he phrased as "make it thy business to know thyself" [Part II, Book 4]. He has steadily pursued a selection of works which, if not exactly off the beaten path, are not in the deep-worn rut in its middle—a Boccherini to balance a Franck, Bizet as counterpoise to Ravel, early Tchaikovsky rather than late.

What is more, as he demonstrates again in this impressively well-paced, succinctly stated treatment of Schumann's "Rhenish," he has not committed himself to anything with whose musical content he is not thoroughly versed —which is to say, something more than "familiar." If it turns out that he really is pining to do Brahms No. 1 and the "Pathétique," he can thank some anonymous guardian (at) Angel for protecting his interests in this period of formulating a public likeness of his musical personality.

In addition to excellent tempi and a sure feeling for the sound of Schumann's orchestra (thoughtfully noted, in Mosco Carner's useful commentary, as amended by Mahler), Giulini knows the rise and fall of this composer's melodic rhetoric, rarely lingering over a tempting phrase or by-passing a less obvious one. Always there is sense and proportion in his management of transitions, whether in the slow movement of the symphony or in the more improvisational contrasts of the overture that fills out Side 2. Paray's version of the symphony has a shade more breadth and impact, but Giulini's is another worth-while accomplishment in the increasing quantity to his credit.

—Irving Kolodin.

Maria Callas—"unwavering comprehension of the relationship between text and music."

The Gioconda Style

THE FIRST recordings of nearly complete operas to bring Maria Callas to the attention of international audiences were the Cetra versions of "La Gioconda" and "La Traviata." They are still available—Cetra 1241 and 1246 respectively. The Verdi was far from being one of Callas's best recordings, but the Ponchielli, made within five years of her sensational debut in this opera at the Verona Arena on August 3, 1947, was exactly that. Her admirers may well have reservations as to her singing such a role as Gioconda at all, believing with reason that she is at her unique best in Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Cherubini, and early Verdi. Nonetheless, the total engaged power of her delineation of the unhappy Gioconda first marked her irruption onto the stage of international opera, and it was not equaled until 1960. Now it has been superseded. In the new Angel "Gioconda" (stereo S-C/L-3606, $17.98, mono 3606-C/L, $14.98), which was recorded at La Scala in late summer, 1959, Callas comes as close as seems humanly possible to giving that elusive thing, the definitive performance of an operatic role.

Is Maria Callas "in good voice"? She is in superb voice. Does she sing as well as she sang when she had not yet become a bedeviled favorite of the gossip columnists? She sings better, with more refinement, more exquisite phrasing, more unwavering comprehension of the relationship between text and music, and more of that artistic courtesy in contributing to the musico-dramatic whole which always have marked great operatic performers. Following this recording with an orchestral score, one becomes happily aware again of Callas's belief in the composer's notation and marks of expression and tonal quality. Unhappily, her companions in this recording are not always so respectful. Ponchielli elaborately led the close of "Cielo e mar" from fortissimo to pianissimo, contracting it to a whisper at the final "ah! vien!" But Pier Miranda Ferraro, as Enzo Grimaldo, sings these closing words in ringing fortissimo, thus depriving them of dramatic significance. Similarly, Ponchielli made clear that "Stella del marinar" should vanish in a dying pianissimo—but Fiorenza Cossotto, the otherwise excellent Laura Adorno, belts out "la tua benedizion" just the same.

Antonio Votto, who conducted the first Callas "La Gioconda" lackadaisically, conducts the new one like a man reborn. His politeness to Ponchielli is admirable except at a few points such as those mentioned above, at which he permits unscrupulous singers to ape some cretinous tradition rather than understand the good sense indicated by the composer's careful markings. The liveliness of Votto's conducting and his search for the truths wrapped inside Boito's excellent melodrama almost make us forget our embarrassment at the disparity between the music the text begged for and the music that Ponchielli was able to contrive. The La Scala orchestra and chorus respond beautifully. At some junctures we cannot help saying: "What an opera Verdi would have made of this!" But "La Gioconda" as a smaller man composed it keeps a very vigorous life of its own on these records.

So, with a nod at the passable Cieca of Irene Companeez and to the valor of Ivo Vinco's attempts to bring the inert Alvise Badoero to life, we return to Callas. I am aware of the negative criticisms that are made of her voice, not on every occasion without reason. I have listened, too, to assaults on her ways of singing, which less often seem justified. But I cannot imagine that even those who harbor violent prejudice against Callas can find anything in this new, replendent "Gioconda" to attack. Hers is a superbly conceived characterization. It is created by legitimate musical means and borne upon tones of unparalleled responsiveness, color, and variety.

I could easily wish for a better opera. I could wish that this opera might have been recorded without several slightly damaging cuts—at the end of Act II, in the Dance of the Hours of the Night, in the choral parts of "Ten va, serenata, per l'aura serena." I could wish that as much of "La Gioconda" as is here had not been so squeezed into six LP

(*Continued on page* 46)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Chopin: Concerto in E minor, Op. 11. Stefan Askenase, piano, with the Hague Residentie Orchestra conducted by Willem van Otterloo. Deutsche Grammophon 138085, $6.98.	Though Askenase's career dates to 1896, when he was born in Lwow, he has had no previous representation known to me on records. His present career seems to be related to Brussels, but his Chopin strikes me as rather German-oriented, tending to the sturdy and substantial (especially in the well-played "Krakowiak") than to the lightly animated and spirited. However, there is nothing gross or extreme about this inclination, which is mingled with abundant dexterity, a fine sense of sound, and real interpretative sensitivity. So Stefan Askenase may be commended as a name to remember, an odd example of man who begins in maturity with a name that might be that of a youth. Excellent stereo sound. (Monaural: DG 18605, $5.98.)
Dvorak: Symphony in E minor ("From the New World"); Smetana: "Vltava." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Angel S 35615, $5.98. (Monaural: 35615, $4.98.)	Karajan unquestionably has his own ideas on this symphony, which differ not only in the broad range of agreement common to Toscanini and Reiner, Szell and Ormandy, Kubelik and Stokowski (mostly), but those of Dvorak himself. In general it is held back where others are animated, and jaunty where most feel deliberation is in order. The Smetana is more appealing, but a little rigid and lacking in lightness even so. Good but not outstanding recording.
Handel: Concerti Grossi, Op. 6, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Handel Festival Orchestra, Halle, conducted by Horst-Tanu Margraf. Epic BC 1074, $5.98. (Monaural: LC 3676, $4.98.)	To honor properly the place of origin of these performances (the composer's birthplace, and the occasion of a festival activity in 1959), something less usual than the frequently recorded Concerti Grossi might be in order. However, Margraf has an able body of musicians at his disposal, and his own inclinations are tonically Handelian—which is to say that he does not hesitate to make a fast movement fast nor a slow one slow. This makes for particularly good results in the E minor, one of the greatest of the series in its fruitful ideas and vigorous development of them. The solo passages are well performed by Gerhard Bosse and Maria Vermés, violins, and Friedemann Erben, cello, and the recording is up to the Philips standards.
Liszt: Concerto No. 1, "Hungarian Fantasy," "Mephisto" Waltz. Jorge Bolet, piano, with Symphony of the Air conducted by Robert Irving. Everest SDBR 3062, $4.98.	A Liszt recording would be welcome from Jorge Bolet in almost any circumstances, which narrow the area of disagreement sharply with this one. However, among the less than favorable circumstances are the production of the repertory above on behalf of the sound track for "Song Without End," meaning brilliant but dry recording, overstress on the brass of the orchestra, and a mixture of whirlwind speed and a disregard for highest standards of accuracy. The consequence, then, is largely of interest to those with an appetite for facility for facility's own sake, of which Bolet has, in the words of Frank Loesser, not only a bushel but a peck. (Monaural: 6062, $4.98.)
Prokofiev: "Lt. Kijé" Suite; Kodály: "Háry János" Suite. Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, with Dan Iordachescu, baritone. Capitol SP 8508. $5.98. (Monaural: P 8508, $4.98.)	Thanks to Leinsdorf's enterprise, the record catalogues now offer something previously not available—a treatment of the "Kijé" excerpts with the solo voice utilized for the sound track in sections II ("Romance") and IV ("Troika"), but replaced by orchestral instruments in the version made by the composer for concert purposes. Iordachescu has a serviceable voice and sings vigorously in what I take to be Russian. Aside from this detail, I find a larger measure of the humor and satire in the work in the recent Reiner-Chicago version. Both sides are exceptionally well reproduced, especially "Háry János," to which Leinsdorf gives a considerable animation.
Strauss, Johann: "Auf der Jagd," "Frühlingsstimmen," "Blauen Donau," "Perpetuum mobile"; Strauss, Josef: "Delirien," "Ohne Sorgen," "Transaktionen." J & J: "Pizzicato Polka." Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, Willi Boskovsky conducting. London CS 6182, $5.98. (Monaural: CM 9042, $4.98.)	"Philharmonic Ball" arouses an expectation of something more uncommon than these very good but by no means exceptional performances provide . . . such as, for example, a replica of the famed Philharmonic in action, playing for such a ball, with dancers shuffling by the mikes (one microphone, obviously, per partner). These, however, are the kind of studio performances of the Strauss literature which the orchestra has played and recorded time and time again. The ensemble performs willingly enough under the direction of Boskovsky (its concertmaster) but without the additional pulse or subtlety provided by a leader of individual impulse (Karajan, Schuricht, etc.).
Stravinsky: "Rite of Spring." Eugene Goossens conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Everest LPBR 6047, $4.98.	Measured performance; not frenetic nor frenzied for sake of excitement, but as an outgrowth of well-planned statement of musical content. Especially good in relation to each other. Altogether: strong, shapely, undistorted. Reproduction: highly satisfactory. (Stereo: SDBR 3047, $4.98.)
Suppé: "Poet and Peasant," "Beautiful Galatea," "Morning, Noon, and Night in Vienna," "Light Cavalry," "Pique Dame," and "Jolly Robbers" Overtures. Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Halle Orchestra. Mercury SR 90160, $5.98.	The tonal displacement of this recording is clearly in the super-dreadnought category, but what is equally evident (and even more important) is the headway of the performances under Barbirolli's sure-handed, high-spirited leadership, the touches of finesse in the management of the hardly subtle orchestration. The fine Manchester ensemble has all the manpower to make a stimulating experience of the six works, with particular care for the cello solos to which the composer was partial (and of which the conductor was himself once a practitioner). If the point needs to be stressed again: boisterous but full-fashioned reproduction. (Monaural: 50160, $4.98.)
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 2. Georg Solti conducting the Orchestra of the Paris Conservatoire. London CS 6118, $5.98. (Monaural: CM 9166, $4.98.)	Whatever the values in this performance—and they conform in the main to the expectations of quality associated with Solti—they are sadly misrepresented by the quality of the orchestral sound. This relates not only to the rather lackluster qualities of the orchestra per se (why record Tchaikovsky in Paris anyway, and why a cover depicting gondolas for a work whose nickname is "Little Russian"?) but also by its dull reproduction, a surprising lapse. This relates not only to the normal standards in the FFRR area but more particularly to the comparative values achieved in this work on Angel lately by the Philharmonia under Giulini.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 in E minor. George Szell conducting the Cleveland Symphony. Epic BC 1064, $5.98. (Monaural: LC 3647, $4.98.)	The qualities which make the Cleveland Symphony such a satisfactory orchestra in works of the Haydn-Schubert era leave it somewhat less than distinctively suited for this literature. And, since the orchestra is in large part the creation of its long-time director, the reservations would derive from the strengths and limitations of Szell himself. This is good, steady, straightforward performance up to the finale, where some whipping up of tempi is indulged for the sake of "excitement"—but not the kind that derives from an impulsive, triumphantly compelling conception.
Vivaldi: Concerto in C (Casella), Concerto in D minor (F. VII, No. 1), Concerto in C minor (F. VI, No. 11), and Concerto in C (F. VI, No. 4). Leonard Bernstein conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra and soloists. Columbia MS 6131, $5.98. (Monaural: ML 5459, $4.98.)	Of the four concerti on this disc, two are outstanding and one of more than passing interest, an average higher than common where multiple offerings of this composer are concerned. Most favor, to my taste, is attracted by F. (for Fanna) VI, No. 4, a bright work with *flauto piccolo* solo for which William Heim is the excellent soloist. Close to it is F. VII, No. 1, in which Harold Gomberg exhibits his outstanding attributes as oboist. And F. VI, No. 11 is more than listenable as expounded by flutist John Wummer. Of least attraction is the first of the series, an edition of Casella with Giovanni Vicari and Carlo de Filippis as mandolinisti. Bernstein sets a stimulating pace in all of them. —Irving Kolodin.

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"RING" AROUND BAYREUTH

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

THREE noteworthy features marked this year's Bayreuth Festival. Wagner's grandsons, plagued with casting problems, entrusted no less than eleven artists with unfamiliar assignments; the festival authorities managed the remarkable feat of presenting eight music dramas without a single real *heldenbariton;* and, finally, there was a new production of the "Ring" staged for the first time by the younger of the Wagner brothers, Wolfgang.

The famine in heavyweight baritones manifested itself immediately in the "Meistersinger" that opened the festival. The new Hans Sachs of the occasion was Josef Greindl, a former Pogner and a basso of sensitivity and stature. The latter attributes, however, could not alleviate the strain of the high tessitura. Greindl's interpretation was a sympathetic one, but the singer paid for it with a loss of volume and suavity in his subsequent performances of Daland and Gurnemanz. Another casting experiment in this "Meistersinger" involved veteran basso Ludwig Weber, also a former Pogner, who brought to Kothner a nice sense of character definition and good control of deteriorating vocal equipment.

Wieland Wagner has restaged the final scene in a black motif, with a courtly dance replacing the pantomime that used to take place in the yellow arena of previous years. The new solution was, if anything, even less appropriate to the folk elements of libretto and score.

The absence of George London (for reasons of health) and Leonie Rysanek (for reasons of finance) caused a shift of emphasis in Wieland's "Flying Dutchman." The most controversial vocal experiment of the season brought twenty-year-old Anja Silja, a coloratura soprano, to the role of Senta. Tall, slender, and thoroughly unaffected in her depiction of Senta's fanaticism, she was dramatically ideal. Vocally, however, there had to be some concessions. The voice itself is comparable to that of a dramatic soprano, in size if not in color. The Ballade was sung in A minor, a full tone higher than is customary. This procedure was indeed originally planned by Wagner, but the composer abandoned the idea and lowered the piece to G before the work was first performed or published. The thinner vocal sound necessitated by the higher key indicates that Wagner knew what he was doing when he made the change. Miss Silja's Senta was as exciting as it was uneven; as with Greindl's Sachs, however, it makes one worry about the ultimate effect of such casting on the singer.

No such qualms concerned the new Holländer. Young Franz Crass, who sang the role for the first time, disclosed a mellow *basso cantante,* a solid technique, and a superb grasp of the Dutchman's vocal requirements. This singer has worked his way from the Bayreuth chorus—always a magnificent body of voices—to secondary parts, to a title role. The promotion is thoroughly deserved.

THE accent on untried Wagnerian youth reached the orchestra pit when Lorin Maazel was entrusted with "Lohengrin." The fact that the conductor is invisible in Bayreuth was no advantage for Maazel, who relies heavily upon visual effect for audience appeal. The eccentric tempi and imperfect stage-pit relations betrayed his inexperience. The Bayreuth press and public, both assuming an if-it's-in-Bayreuth-it's-got-to-be-good attitude, acclaimed the conductor, and, indeed, there were some moments of beauty and promise.

Aase Nordmo-Loevberg, replacing Gre Brouwenstijn as Elsa, also failed to maintain the supposed Bayreuth level of quality. Although Astrid Varnay's Ortrud still has plenty of style and verve, it was left to Eberhard Waechter as the Herald to give the performance its greatest musical distinction.

An inspired Hans Knappertsbusch conveyed the reverence and subtleties of "Parsifal" without a moment of pomposity or a single dragging tempo. In fact, on this occasion the opera seemed all too short, a phenomenon credited also to Wieland Wagner's poetic staging. The familiar singers, Regine Crespin (Kundry), Hans Beirer (Parsifal), and Greindl, offered characterizations so apt that one easily overlooked technical imperfections, and the new Amfortas, American Thomas Stewart, fitted well into this general scheme. The audibility of Titurel was a special treat for New York "Parsifal"-goers, and British basso David Ward made the experience doubly memorable.

To stage the four operas of "The Ring" in a single season poses formid-

(*Continued on page* 46)

Scene from "Die Walkure"—the tablet is split in half to suggest the crevices in the rock."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Quartet in G minor, Op. 25. Ralph Berkowitz, piano, with Bel Arte Trio. Boston BST 1015, $5.95.	In respect to such matters as total sound, balance, advantageous utilization of stereo resources, etc., this disc may be cited as a model of reasonable procedure. Now and then the piano recedes farther into space than optimum results would warrant, but the offset to this is the equal distribution of sound when all the instruments are performing. As for the performance, it has many attractive qualities, due in part to the excellent effort of Berkowitz and the quality of his associates—Ruth Posselt, violin, Joseph de Pasquale, viola, and Samuel Mayes, cello. If there is a complaint, it would be restricted to those passages which Brahms himself failed to clarify completely, and which these players do not transcend. (Monaural: 215, $4.98.)
Brahms: Variations on a Theme by Handel, Variations on a Theme by Paganini. Julius Katchen, piano. London CS 6158, $5.98.	Katchen has so many attributes of mastery in this challenging literature—sensitivity, power, sense of proportion, and a broad dynamic range—that it is curious that he indulges a failing which recurs in a given situation in both works. That is an inclination to muddy the sonorities with too much pedal when the two hands are operating at high speed and maximum power. There is some implication in the sound that he tends to speed these up involuntarily, as a result of a defensive attitude about them; an any case, both the speed and the blurring are slight but noticeable blemishes in an otherwise superbly "exposed" likeness of Brahms's imposing conceptions.
Chopin: Nocturne; Wieniawski: Caprice; Mompou: "Jeunes filles au jardin"; Scriabin: Etude; Elgar: "La Capricieuse"; Engel: "Sea Shell"; Sarasate: "Zapateado," "Habanera"; Ravel: "Pièce en forme de habanera"; Prokofiev: "March" ("Love for Three Oranges"); Suk: "Burleska"; Debussy: "La Plus que Lente." Michael Rabin, violin, Leon Pommers, piano. Capitol SP 8506, $5.98.	Rabin's enterprise in seeking out some of these lesser-known pieces (such as the Suk, Engel, Mompou, and Scriabin) provides welcome variety to the more usual works of Chopin, Sarasate, and Debussy. But the total judgment must be that he shows himself more virtuoso than interpreter in these dozen pieces: charm is not his particular distinction and he is constantly more concerned with fiddlesticky points than with the atmosphere or sentiment of the piece at hand (his Chopin, for example, sounds as if the notes were taking shape by muscular memory alone, with his mind on something else altogether). Good assistance from Pommer and the engineers. (Monaural: P8506, $4.98.)
Chopin: Polonaises (Nos. 1-6). Witold Malcuzynski, piano. Angel S 35728, $5.98. (Monaural: 35728, $4.98.)	The unspectacular but steady progress to pianistic prominence of Witold Malcuzynski is a gratifying instance of solid ability making its way despite, rather than because of, commercial exploitation. Having been "sold" to the American public nearly twenty years ago as a "pupil of Paderewski", Malcuzynski now earns the more solid rank of "student of Chopin," whose works he plays with ardor, power, and musicianship. He is still more the pianist than the poet in these Polonaises, but the elements of distinction are more pronounced than previously. Excellent reproduction.
Chopin: Preludes Nos. 2, 4, 5, 8, 14, 18, 19, 20, 23, and 24, Barcarolle (Op. 60), Etudes Op. 10, Nos. 7 and 10, Mazurkas, Op. 56, No. 1, and Op. 59. Nos. 1 and 2, Ballade in A flat. Andre Tchaikovsky, piano. RCA Victor LSC 2360, $5.98. (Monaural: LM 2360, $4.98.)	Plainly enough, Tchaikovsky is a gifted young man, but doesn't cast sufficient spell with this literature to net the listening attention. Everything goes along at pretty much the same placid pace, with little indication that the performer has much on his mind save piano playing. Of itself this is consistently superior (save for an inclination to hardness of tone), but it casts too little light or glow. He is at his best (by much) in the mazurkas, of which the A flat in particular is alive and unself-conscious. Perhaps RCA should have waited for contents of this quality before putting together (even more, putting out) a disc. The piano sound is a little pingy and brittle.
Franck: Sonata in A; Brahms: Sonata in D minor. Yehudi Menuhin, violin, with Hephzibah Menuhin, piano. Capitol SG 7215, $5.98. (Monaural: G 7215, $4.98.)	The magnitude of purpose and the community of musicianship in these performances render quite incidental some recurrent blemishes, most of them from the skittery bow of Menuhin. Both are strongly stamped with the emphatic attack of Menuhin, frère, a tendency more comfortably accommodated in the Brahms than the Franck. The piano-playing Menuhin functions as a full partner with a power and authority that cry out for solo opportunities.
Lekeu: Quartet, Cello Sonata (Third Movement), and "Poèmes." Vernon Duke, piano, with members of the Baker String Quartet, William Van Den Burg, cello, and Kay McCracken, soprano. Society for Forgotten Music, M 1008, $4.98. (Stereo: 2008, $5.95.)	Though present catalogues do not offer a recording of the Adagio for Strings which kept his name alive for the past generation despite his brief life span (he died in 1894, a victim of typhoid at twenty-four), Lekeu can be recommended as a composer of attainments as well as promise. He might have qualified for inclusion in the main line of French composition had he been able to continue his work beyond its excellent (if derivative) beginnings. Of the works offered here, the quartet is by much the best. It is also the most successful performance. Van Den Burg is an able if somewhat colorless performer on the cello, Miss McCracken (also Mrs. Duke) an earnest but vocally limited soprano whose work here is of sub-professional quality. Acceptable recording.
Schubert: "Die Schöne Müllerin." Schumann: "An den Mond," "Sängers Trost," "Geisternähe," "Ich wandelte unter den Baumen," "Lieb' Liebchen, leg's Händchen," "Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden," "Der Himmel hat eine Träne geweint," "Märzveilchen," "An den Sonnenschein," and "In's Freie." Ernst Haefliger, tenor, with Jacqueline Bonneau, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 136039-40, $14.98. (Monaural: 19207-8, $11.98.)	The first pages of "Das Wandern" tell us that Haefliger, who has been heard previously in oratorio and opera, is capable of his best effort in Lieder—the text is beautifully articulated, the word floated on the tone in the easy manner that distinguishes the cultivated from the clumsy song-singer. And the artful integration of Mme. Bonneau's "voice" with Haefliger's promises us a duet of real equality—a promise fulfilled in every respect. As the cycle unfolds it is clear that Haefliger has thoroughly penetrated the technical problem of Schubert's writing and framed this knowledge with a superior comprehension of the character element in such songs as "Am Feierabend," "Pause," and "Die Liebe Farbe." He finds "Ungeduld" a burden on his somewhat slender vocal strength, but this is common in almost all performances of the cycle. On the whole, Haefliger earns credit for one of the best contemporary versions of this cycle, if not quite as lyric as Fischer-Dieskau's or as eloquent as the older Schiotz.
Strauss: "Ah! Du wolltest mich nicht deinen Mund küssen lassen" ("Salome"); Beethoven: "Ah! perfido"; Weber: "Ozean du Ungeheuer!" Inge Borkh, soprano, with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Josef Krips. London OS 25102, $5.98.	This stereo version of performances previously issued (Feb., 1957) on a monophonic disc shows Miss Borkh as rather more of a singer than she has sometimes allowed herself to be, with a feeling for line and legato that gives considerable continuity to her work, even in the concluding section of "Salome." Some of this may be due to the influence of Krips, who has ideas of his own (mostly good) about some significant details in the scoring. Her Beethoven and Weber are not comparable to Flagstad's in power of sheer sonorous values (the words are often swallowed completely), but it is intelligent artistry nevertheless. Acceptable rather than outstanding stereo.
Wagner: "Love Duet" ("Tristan") and "Liebestod." Astrid Varnay, soprano, Wolfgang Windgassen, tenor, and Hertha Töpper, mezzo, with Ferdinand Leitner directing the phon DGS 136030, $6.98. (Monaural: DGG 19193, $5.98.)	Whatever the notation of personnel suggests to the listener, he is likely to find it in this recording—the knowledge, authority, and insight of Varnay and Windgassen, as well as the hard, quavery vocal sound of the former and the rather expressionless, always faintly off-pitch quality of the latter. Töpper, who is a younger artist, has more voice at her disposal for Brangaene's Watch than either of her associates. Mme. Varnay's "Liebestod" is superbly sustained, the best portion of the music on either side. —I. K.

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THE OTHER SIDE

August in England

LONDON.

MUSIC-LOVERS in this country are beginning to wonder whether Sir Thomas Beecham may be granted a real recovery from the virus infection that has dogged his every step since he returned from America about four months ago. Only a few weeks ago he seemed confident of his ability to crown the current Glyndebourne season by conducting "The Magic Flute"; but it was not to be, and the unenviable task of stepping into Sir Thomas's shoes fell upon young Colin Davis.

Despite some beautiful singing by Pilar Lorengar, Richard Lewis, and Geraint Evans, the outcome proved sorely disappointing. The performance as a whole fell below normal Glyndebourne standards for want of serenity and mature authority such as Sir Thomas would surely have brought to the task.

Nor is the loss confined to those who attended the actual performances, for HMV intended to record this production.

August is not normally a month for major phonographic revelations, although it has not proved as barren this year as might have been expected. Among the big companies only Decca has failed to provide a classical release, yet we cannot pass by without referring to two current, Decca-inspired talking points. The first of these concerns the familiar, fatal attraction between microgroove discs and such dust particles as may be in the vicinity. Lately, the Decca people appear to have lost almost all their interest in aerial flotsam and, although nothing official has been announced, it has become evident that discs are now being pressed from a material markedly less "static" than heretofore. If, at present, this is confined to products of the Decca group, it can only be a matter of time before others follow suit, and we may look forward to the day when all the bottles of multicolored fluids, the sponges, the "Dust Bugs," and the radioactive cleaners can be consigned to the ashcan.

Decca's other news item is an amusing piece of sales gimmickry. Toward the end of July, every record reviewer received a beautifully printed card containing an invitation from "His Highness, Prince Orlofsky" to attend "a Gala Performance in November at which the following artists have graciously consented to appear in person: Bastianini, Berganza, Berry, Bjoerling, Del Monaco, Gueden, Kmentt, Köth, Kunz, Nilsson, Price, Resnik, Simionato, Sutherland, Tebaldi, Waechter, Welitsch, Zampieri and the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Karajan." The artists actually concerned in the performance of the operetta include Gueden, Resnik and Köth, Kmentt and Zampieri, Berry and Waechter, with, of course, Karajan and the Vienna Philharmonic. The remaining celebrities appear as "guests" at the party, are introduced by way of specially devised dialogue and perform "party turns" of thoroughly unexpected character. Tebaldi sings "Vilia," Bjoerling proclaims that "You are my heart's delight," Birgit Nilsson asserts that she "could have danced all night," while Simionato and Bastianini have a friendly battle with "Anything you can do, I can do better"! Others, such as Berganza (with a Spanish lullaby) remain more or less in character, but the whole thing certainly looks like a collector's piece of a riot. To guard against irate protests from Strauss purists, Decca is taking the precaution of issuing this "Fledermaus" in two alternative versions: a two-disc "straight" set, and a three-disc album including the gala party.

The new Columbia "Fledermaus," which prompted Decca's premature disclosure of its plans, brings together a Viennese cast and the Philharmonia Orchestra under the direction of the late Otto Ackermann. Here, as in the forthcoming Decca version, two of the principal baritone parts are undertaken by Berry and Waechter (perhaps they will reverse the roles of Frank and Falke on Decca); Dermota once more sings Alfred and Wilma Lipp Adele (as they did in the incomparable Krauss performance) while Orlofsky is impersonated by Christa Ludwig. Mr. and Mrs. Eisenstein are presented by two newcomers, Gerda Scheyrer and Karl Terkal, and strangely enough, Vienna's best-loved baritone, Erich Kunz, has the non-singing part of Frosch. If you are not too critical you should enjoy this pleasant and well-recorded performance.

Other new EMI issues range from Purcell to Hugo Wolf—the former represented by the stereo version of a recent mono disc devoted to sacred songs and anthems, performed by leading British singers (Elsie Morison, Heather Harper, Richard Lewis, Richard Standen, etc.) under Arnold Goldsbrough's direction, while the old firm of Fischer-Dieskau and Moore further enriches the recorded Wolf repertoire with a disc—mono and stereo—containing a score of his Eichendorff settings, most of them new to the catalogue.

Miss Morison and Mr. Lewis, in company with Marjorie Thomas, Donald Bell, and the well-known piano duo of Vronsky and Babin, are also involved in a thoroughly attractive performance of Brahms's two sets of "Liebeslieder Walzer," delightful drawing-room music revealing the hand of the master on every page. Although the texture cries out for stereo, HMV plans only a mono issue over here. [Editor's note: Capitol already has a stereo version on sale here.]

The latest stereo disc is one that purports to be the same as an already-issued mono performance (not in so many words but by implication: same artists, same cover photo, same sleeve notes!) but is, in fact, an entirely fresh recording. This is Beecham's Beethoven No. 7, where the performances show striking differences and there are likely to be other, similar instances involving Sir Thomas. Whether his new stereo issue of a Delius miscellany ("Brigg Fair," "Song Before Sunrise," etc.) is a remake or merely the binaural version of the familiar mono disc I would not care to say. These are exquisite, inimitable performances of works whose strange fragrance is noticeably enhanced when stereo opens up the texture of the rather cloying harmonies, which are one of this composer's most striking characteristics.

Berlioz lovers owe a debt of gratitude to DGG for the latter's fine new set of "La Damnation de Faust" (Rubio, Verreau, and Roux under Markevitch). Also from DGG, there is a splendid Bach disc from Helmut Walcha, featuring the celebrated Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue in C and the magnificent Choral-Partita, "Sei gegrüsset, Jesu gütig," together with three Choral Preludes, recorded in mono and stereo on the fine Schnitger organ of the St. Laurenskerk, Alkmaar, Holland. Then, too, there is another string quartet disc in stereo, only the second of its kind to appear here. The first was an RCA issue of Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" and Quartettsatz by the Juilliard, while DGG presents the Amadeus in—can you guess?—the Quartettsatz and "Death and the Maiden"! Though quite dissimilar—the Juilliard more striking and masterful, the Amadeus less severe but also more truly Schubertian—both discs are first class, and the duplication therefore seems rather wasteful at this stage.

—THOMAS HEINTZ.

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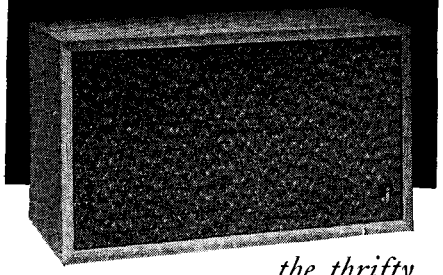

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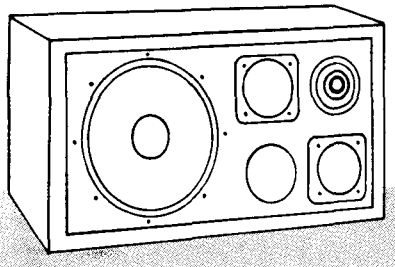

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Adventures with Matsushita

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

HAVING derived profit as well as pleasure from a small-sized transistor radio with short-wave band on a recent trip to Europe (see "Adventures with Maco," *SR*, July 25, 1959), it seemed prudent to make similar provision for a current trip to this part of the world. The problem, obviously, would be different and more challenging, since personal interest ran to programs originating in the United States and Europe, rather than the nearby ones which fill the South American air. Inquiry revealed that Matsushita Electric Industrial Company Ltd. of Japan had a new eight-transistor "Matsushita" (big brother of the previous "Maco") available at $54.95, and it was this one that went along on the overnight jet to Lima.

The first experiments were unprofitable. Lima lies virtually at sea level, guarded on all sides (save the one facing the Pacific) by the Andes. In addition, the windows of the Gran Hotel Bolivar fronting on the Plaza San Martín face flashing neon signs on the other three sides of the square. There were local productions in abundance on the medium-wave band, and much material in Spanish on short wave, but nothing in English save a local disc jockey, and a station in Ecuador offering a Billy Grahamish kind of salvation advice.

As Panagra's DC-7 flies, Santiago de Chile is 1,543 miles south of Peru, but it is also 1,700 feet above sea level. What this would yield in the way of short-wave results was resolved on the day of arrival (July 20). Taking a chance that the on-the-hour news service from the "Voice of America" might be available, I faced as true north as I could determine (without compass), pointed the telescope antenna Washington-ward, and flicked the switch. Promptly at 9:00 P.M. (local time) there came the familiar strains of "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" announcing musically the imminence of the Voice, reassuring and bland, which read off the news from WLWO, followed by comments from Raymond Swing. The signal was strong, the reproduction clear, for the windows of Santiago's Hotel Carrera, which also face a square, are free of interference-creating devices. The service continued to be available through our Santiago stay, with some periods later in the evening followed by a sports résumé. The single complaint had nothing to do with the "Matsushita" but rather with the "Voice" concept, which provides more news of Latin America, less of the world generally, than this traveler would have preferred.

So far as further personal preference was concerned, the real utility of a short-wave receiver on this trip would rest with its ability to report happenings at the Republican Party's National Convention in Chicago. Its beginning on Monday, July 26, coincided with removal from Santiago to Buenos Aires and the physical prospects, at least, seemed good. Late arrival on Monday postponed investigations till the next night, when the "Voice" schedule promised a résumé at 9:30 (local time). The handsome Hotel Plaza sits on a rise of several hundred feet above the Río de la Plata, and Washington came in fine, on schedule. However the half-hour was too soon gone, with the evening session yet to start in Chicago. Dial-twiddling is a compulsion with any confirmed short-wave fan, and the moment seemed right for it; BBC, Moscow, Peiping—any would be welcome.

BY blind accident, the racing gauge struck the unmistakable tones of Robert (Bob) Trout, talking about the previous evening's appearance of ex-President Herbert Hoover. In a few minutes a lively American voice informed us we were listening to the world-wide distribution (from a Bound Brook, New Jersey, transmitter) by the Armed Forces Radio Service of the *whole* convention proceedings. A network pool had been organized among ABC, CBS, and NBC (to treat the participants alphabetically), with Messrs. John Daly, Walter Cronkite, Edward Murrow, *et al.*, joining Trout in background data and running comment. Through the week, from Senator Everett Dirksen's introduction of President Eisenhower to the acceptance speech of Vice President Nixon, AFRS transported any who were interested to Chicago via the 11 megacycle band. (Buenos Aires being two hours ahead of Chicago, it came on at 10:00, local time.)

Weather conditions naturally affect short-wave reception, and there was expectable variation between July 26 and July 28 in Buenos Aires. But the

(*Continued on page* 46)

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Kondrashin, Critic

Continued from page 37

the conservatories; they do not prepare students for orchestral work. During the past years the fad for "laureates" (prize-winning students) has destroyed the normal course of teaching even in classes which were always classified as orchestral—those of trombones, French horns, and trumpets. Every young musician considers it a great misfortune if, after being graduated from a conservatory, instead of becoming a soloist he has to join one of the orchestras. Often the teachers are evaluated not by the lists of students who join orchestras, but by the number of "laureates" who came out of their classes. And just as often, says Mr. Kondrashin, students who come for an audition at one of the orchestras play Brahms or Tchaikovsky concertos without difficulty, but are "incapable of sightreading the most simple, elementary page of music, not to mention nuances, or of following the conductor's stick, or God forbid, of transposing."

If Mr. Kondrashin admits that for years the Russian public heard little of Mozart, Haydn, Bach, Debussy, Ravel, Mahler, Stravinsky, Bartók, and Hindemith, where then does he expect to find the conductors capable of improving the Soviet orchestras? He lists a number of reforms in education at the conservatories and particularly for students in the orchestral classes, but can it be possible that he, a conductor himself, does not realize that the masters and the creators of good orchestras are the conductors?

From the list of suggestions Kondrashin makes for improving orchestral performances, one gathers that the individual members of the orchestra seem to listen more to their own playing than to that of their colleagues in the same section or to the sound of the whole orchestra, and that they therefore never feel their own role in the ensemble.

On the whole, in his article Mr. Kondrashin devotes too much attention to mere details—important in themselves, I agree, but easily remedied. He speaks of the old instruments which the musicians are forced to use. In particular, he speaks at length about the old-fashioned German-style oboe. Soviet Russia, which seems to have ample financial resources for the most costly scientific experiments, certainly could afford to supply the orchestras with fine instruments. But even then, I think, the Soviet orchestras, in order to become the "best in the world," would first have to have a number of outstanding conductors such as we have in the Western world.

LA CALLAS!
LA SCALA!
LA GIOCONDA!
ALL IN STEREO

NOW MARIA CALLAS, "undisputed queen of the world's opera" *(Time)*, has scope to unleash *all* her dramatic talents. As one would expect, she is magnificent as La Gioconda, a fiery tigress who sings like an angel. This is the role Callas sang at her debut in Verona in 1947. Her American debut on records nearly 10 years ago was in the same role. Since then, Callas has become a legend.

On this new Angel recording from La Scala in Milan, Callas is supported by conductor Antonino Votto with the full La Scala orchestra and chorus. Breathtaking! Six sides, with a complete, illustrated Italian-English libretto. Angel S-3606-C/L, or 3606-C/L (monophonic).

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ANGEL

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Bayreuth

Continued from page 41

able mechanical and philosophical problems. Wolfgang Wagner's solutions are, at present, less successful in the former area than in the latter.

Following his brother's basic concept of abstract, symbolic presentation, Wolfgang plays his entire "Ring" on a gigantic disc. He alters Wieland's scheme, however, by fragmenting the disc and placing the pieces in various positions for formal variation. The gods appear on an unbroken, ring-shaped platform in "Rheingold"; the tablet is raised to become the roof of the dwelling of the Nibelungs; it is split in half to suggest the crevices of the Walküre's rock; it is assembled in multi-level segments for the Gibichung castle.

The cyclorama is used for a series of bold, moving splotches of color which have more pictorial appeal than dramatic meaning. The costumes are always simple; in the case of the goddesses, ugly, in the case of the giants (blown-up space suits), rather funny.

In his lighting scheme Wolfgang follows the principle that there can be only one source of illumination on the stage. This notion, basically plausible and effective, takes its toll when half of the characters are required to appear in shadows.

The trick effects are managed with uneven success. The Rhine-maidens merely walk around in watery circles; Alberich's magic transformations are faked, and the dragon Fafner is once again reduced to a few puffs of steam. The "Rheingold" finale, on the other hand, is remarkably effective as the rainbow bridge spreads like a rolling carpet at the feet of the gods entering Valhalla.

It takes time and experience to produce an effective, smooth-running "Ring." If one is to judge by last week's first effort, which climaxed with a mechanical fiasco at the collapse of the Gibichung Hall, Wolfgang Wagner has not had enough of either quantity. But one is grateful, even at this stage, for instances where conventionality is preserved simply because there is no reason to be nonconventional. Wolfgang's characters follow the dramatic instructions of the score with more fidelity than did those of Wieland, and one welcomes the return of such essential props as Brünnhilde's helmet and the Wanderer's hat.

The musical qualities of the new "Ring" were generally lukewarm. Rudolf Kempe conducted with gratifying lucidity and obvious devotion to the lyrical elements of the score, but in the end his "Ring" lacked the force of a grand line. Hermann Uhde managed to present an intelligent, light-weight Wotan despite troubles at the extremes of his range. Jerome Hines, who took over the part in "Walküre" only, found an uncut performance taxing to his upper register. His German expression, too, leaves something to be desired. Birgit Nilsson is probably without vocal peer today as Brünnhilde, but she too had difficulties. There were serious deviations from pitch in the Immolation scene, and for some tastes her Brünnhilde is too cool and self-conscious. (Incidentally, in Bayreuth Miss Nilsson follows Wagner's instructions and reaches the high C of the battle cry by way of a portamento, and not with the staccato leaps that she employed at the Metropolitan last winter.)

Hans Hopf, who is singing his first Siegfried, has gained in vocal and physical weight since his last New York appearances. He now has sufficient brilliance and volume to be an effective vocal partner for Miss Nilsson. Dramatically, however, his impersonation is still unformed. One does not become a Siegfried overnight.

Otherwise, the most impressive contributions came from Marga Hoeffgen, a sonorous Erda, Gottlob Frick, the blackest of Hagens, Otakar Kraus, an intelligent Alberich, and Grace Hoffman, a persuasively urgent Waltraute.

Matsushita

Continued from page 44

little plug-in aerial line which "Matsushita" carries to augment its telescope antenna proved equal to all conditions (none of them really bad). It was most effective with the insulation at the end of the wire cut away, and the wire held in the hand (the body thus becomes an additional antenna). "Matsushita" also includes a switch whose use projects a voice more clearly through its speaker, though what the actual circuit does is as yet unknown to me.

Here in Rio the Serrador faces the ocean and Africa, but there are flickering neons from the signs of "Cinie-land" (as the near-by concentration of movie theatres is called) to cope with. The first night's efforts were mostly wasted, but after picking up the "Voice" (4.5 megacycles) at an uncluttered point on the waterfront the following night, it proved just as available, an hour later, from the hotel itself. BBC was describing the ascent on the Thames to within twenty-four miles of London of the Dutch liner "Rotterdam." Moscow was giving praise, in honeyed English, to the Latvian "Republic," and all was well with the short-wave traveler in his best of possible worlds.

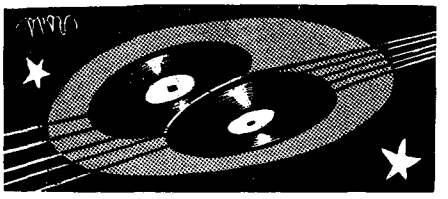
—Irving Kolodin.

Records in Review

Continued from page 39

sides that the music comes from some of the inside grooves (particularly of Side 6) distorted. But I could not wish for a more complete demonstration of magnificent operatic singing than given here by Maria Callas and most of the way by Cossotto with her, and by Piero Cappuccilli as a believable Barnaba. Angel has supplied with the records a handsome booklet containing an interesting essay by Andrew Porter on "La Gioconda," a sane synopsis of the plot, the complete recorded text in Italian, and an English translation below the level of the William Weaver translations it has given us in the past. The stereophonic effects are well used to support illusions of distance, movement, and space.

I urge all aspiring (and most working) operatic singers to listen with minute attentiveness to the differentiation in meaning—meaning as conveyed by shifting timbres—which Callas



makes clear, at the end of "O madre mia, nell'isola fatale," between the first "io la salvo per lui" and the concluding "io la salvo per lui, per lui che l'ama!" Or even more creative, to the exact attention that she gives, at the end of a magnificent "Suicidio!" to distinguishing between notes that Ponchielli marked for sharp individual accents and those he did not. Music either has significance or it does not, and Callas believes that it has. This meeting of qualities in a single person—entirely musical obedience to the document, dramatic intelligence, and technical mastery—sets Callas apart, making her the exciting, unique phenomenon that she is among the sopranos of our day.

—Herbert Weinstock.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Musical Magic

THROUGH the years I have found myself easily capable of resisting a good many of the most famous American song-pluggers, including Sophie Tucker, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, and Harry Richman, not to mention such latter-day orgiasts as Elvis Presley. By pluggers, I mean ballad-bashers of high decibel power; I do not mean the more dulcet popular singers. In the latter category I have been devoted to Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Mildred Bailey, and sundry others. There are, of course, those who combine both plugging and more delicate methods, and in this field I give you young Bobby Darin in a program from his recent debut at New York's Copacabana night club, "Darin At the Copa" (Atco 33-122). This man gives off various suggestions: he can sound like Crosby or Sinatra, and he sometimes talks like W. C. Fields. But, in sum, he achieves his own personality —irresistibly musical, energetic, and ironic. Backed by the Copa's jumping band, under the domination of pianist-conductor Richard Behrke and drummer Ronnie Zito, Darin sings some of our best songs, including specially exciting performances of "Mack the Knife," "Love For Sale" and his own epidemic beguine, "Dream Lover." He is obviously one of the foremost showmen of this era, a magician of popular music, and he lends the term song-plugger something of the prestige hitherto attached to such titles as Keeper of the Seal or *ballerina assoluta.*

While on the subject of high spirits, I call attention to the first LP of the Washington, D.C., pianist Dick Morgan, recorded in session at The Showboat night club (Riverside RLP 329). He is a lavish, two-handed jazz man of fine pulse and invention, accomplished both in single-finger and full-chord maneuvers. He works here in the most spontaneous vein with bassist Keter Betts and drummer Bertell Knox. Among pianists working in the modern jazz idiom, I would say that Morgan was one of the easiest and least self-conscious figures.

Julius Watkins is a highly talented man bent on establishing the French horn in modern jazz. On the basis of his new LP "The Jazz Modes" (Atlantic 1306) I have the impression that the well-known difficulties in the proper intonation of that instrument still make it risky to use in any such impromptu activity as jazz improvising. The horn, so to speak, seems to be less responsive than other instruments in this context (and I imply nothing against Watkins's abilities). On the other hand, the original numbers which he and tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse have written for this album strike me as having much appeal as chamber jazz. These two men are joined by a rhythm section and on some tracks by Sahib Shehab, baritone sax. In certain passages there is also a feminine voice line, which seems out-of-the-way and distracting to me; I should think these parts would have been more effective if instrumentally rendered. But this demitinted music has a good deal to suggest in these days of "hard bop" and other strongly assertive forms of jazz.

REVERTING now to traditional matters, there is a delectable album by a band with the vintage front row of Buck Clayton, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; and Bud Freeman, tenor sax (the back row consists of George Wein, piano; Jake Hanna, drums; and Champ Jones, bass). This old school reunion took place in Boston in 1959 and is remarkable for, among other things, a "Dinah" that will stand with the best on record, and for "Pee Wee Russell's Unique Sound," an unpalatable title for a blues that proves that the apparently indestructible man is still ready for all comers (Atlantic 1331). The two hoary Harlem pianists, Lucky Roberts and Willie "The Lion" Smith, are back to back in new recordings on another LP (Good Time Jazz M12035). Roberts, at sixty-seven, and Smith, at sixty-three, represent of course the ancient mastersies of New York piano "tickling"—an elaboration of mid-continent ragtime—and "The Lion" also offers a peculiarly personal vein of composition in such of his numbers as "Echoes of Spring" and "Rippling Water." This is rather as though some seraph had got hold of the secrets of the ragtime keyboard and turned them into vernal hymns.

Two LP re-issues of classic performances are prime jazz news. The first is Volume II by the massive blues singer Ma Rainey, with accompanists including her Georgia Band, cornetist Tommy Ladnier, and Cow Cow Davenport, piano (sides from 1923 to 1928, Riverside RLP 12-137). And there is also Volume II of the great folk-blues singer and guitarist Blind Lemon Jefferson (sides from 1926 to 1929, Riverside RLP 12-136). —WILDER HOBSON.

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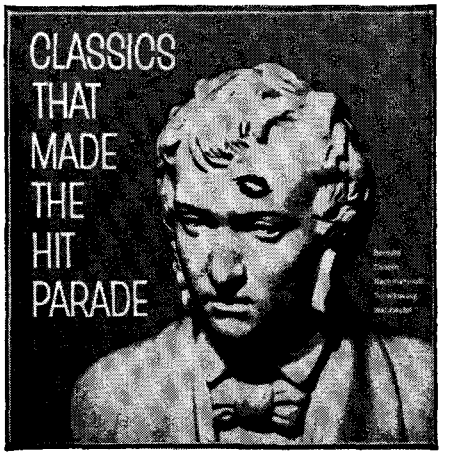

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Four Tonal Temperaments

BARTOK: *Divertimento for Strings;* HINDEMITH: *"The Four Temperaments." Louis Auriacombe conducting the Orchestre de Chambre de Toulouse, with Samson François, pianist.* Pathé DTX 279, $5.95.

ALTHOUGH there are many fine recordings of both Bartók's Divertimento and Hindemith's "Four Temperaments," a new version is welcome. This time it is a French version of the two pieces, but I cannot say that there is anything Gallic about them. Perhaps there are fewer versions available in France. American collectors can choose from five other recordings of the Divertimento and three of the "Temperaments."

Bartók's Divertimento has often been considered one of the classics of twentieth-century composition. The Toulouse Chamber Orchestra, a new one to me, performs well, which is more than one can say for most French ensembles. They play smoothly, and Louis Auriacombe has a fine sense of proportion and movement. Everything is more relaxed here than we find it on other performances of the same work. Being more used to a sharper and more direct approach, I find this a rather comfortable interpretation.

But if this be its best virtue, it is paltry when one compares it to the excellent playing of the RIAS Orchestra of Berlin under Fricsay or the Philharmonia conducted by Silvestri.

The four temperaments Hindemith has chosen for his musical facsimile are described in the musico-psychological commentaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, quoted by Sir William Osler in "The Doctor of Salerno":

> Foure Humours reigne within our bodies wholly,
> and these compared to foure elements,
> The Sanguine, Choler, Flegeme, and Melancholy
> Against these severall humours overflowing. . . .

The temperament of M. Auriacombe on this Pathé disc tends to be phlegmatic, and therein lies the tale. One wishes the playing were at times more taut. The perceptive collector will surely choose first Hindemith's own version as recorded by the Berlin Philharmonic on Decca. Obviously it is the definitive performance and the sound is also splendid. This is backed by Hindemith's performance of his Symphonic Metamorphosis, which seems to be the best version of those currently available. The performance recorded by the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Szymon Goldberg, has the advantage of superlative playing by pianist Leon Fleisher.

The principal virtue in the Pathé disc is the playing of tousled Samson François, who reminds one of a short French Glenn Gould. In concert performances, his playing is usually more intense than it is here. But François is a superlative pianist and he plays the Hindemith work sympathetically.

EGGE: *Symphony No. 3;* HARRIS: *"Kentucky Spring"; Robert Whitney, conducting the Louisville Orchestra.* LOU-602, $7.95.

These two works, splendidly recorded by Whitney and the Louisville Orchestra, represent both the earliest and the most recent Louisville commissions. Their first performances took place nearly ten years apart.

Roy Harris's brief but characteristic essay was first heard on April 5, 1949, for it was commissioned by Whitney and the orchestra before the famous Rockefeller project was instituted. Egge's one-movement symphony was first heard on March 4, 1959.

In the autumn of 1958, Klaus Egge was the Norwegian delegate to the International Music Council of UNESCO in Paris, during which time I was assigned similar duties for the United States. Egge had the score of his symphony with him and together we read through it as he explained various fine points and details. It struck me as a wonderfully logical work and it is pleasant to have that impression confirmed on hearing this recording. Unlike his earlier symphonies, which are both more characteristically Norwegian—by intent—and more programmatic, this compact work is a kind of masterpiece. It is agreeable to find a significant new work that defies the current pressures to be serial or else. It has the distinction of not sounding like so much other music being composed today, nor is it a work born of the backward glance. It is fresh, original, imaginative, and excellently crafted.

Egge had originally intended this to be the first movement of a much longer several-movement symphony. Fortunately, he had the perception to realize in midstream that it is complete in itself and either more or less would defeat it.

The snow and cold of winter in Utah (where Harris wrote this work) may have removed a bit of the sunshine from "Kentucky Spring." He begins with a fragmentary quotation from "My Old Kentucky Home," but not at the "sun-shines-bright" beginning of the Foster tune. Instead he opens with the phrase "Weep no more, my ladies." Explaining the provocative title, Harris says that the word Kentucky means springtime to him, for the simple reason that he has always been in Kentucky in the springtime.

Like nearly all Harris's works, the form is autogeneric, despite his proclamation that the work has a definite ABA form, or, as he further explains, it is perhaps ABC since it really does not go back to the beginning. However, the work exists and pleases over and beyond any analytical explanations. It is at moments rugged, brash, nostalgic, and bright.

Whitney as usual accomplishes miracles by making a small, and partially non-professional, orchestra sound absolutely first rate. For him—*Bravos.*

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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cannot conduct
this symphony without

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LETTERS TO THE
RECORDINGS EDITOR

SCHAENEN IS SHAYNEN

I NOTE THAT you asked the question: "Lee Schaenen (Is he American? The sleeve knows not)," in your "Recording Reports I: Orchestral LPs" in the issue of July 30.

Yes, he is an American, and conducted Lyric Opera of Chicago's 1958 productions of "Il Trovatore" and "The Barber of Seville." He was brought here upon the recommendation of Maestro Artur Rodzinski, who conducted our "Tristan und Isolde" that season just prior to his death.

I also worked with Mr. Schaenen, who then spelled his name Shaynen, for most of the six seasons that the New York City Opera Company came to Chicago for its annual fall visit, when there was no resident opera company here. This group visited Chicago regularly from 1948 through 1953.

DANNY NEWMAN,
Publicity Director,
Lyric Opera of Chicago.

Chicago, Ill.

ANNIVERSARY WITH ELMAN

IN ABOUT 1908 this writer attended a concert in Orchestra Hall, Frederic Stock conducting. One number was a Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, with Mischa Elman as soloist.

The point I want to make is this: The boy received, after playing, the greatest, most sustained, and enthusiastic ovation I ever heard, and I attended many concerts and operas.

EDWIN C. BOBZIN.

Paw Paw, Mich.

TEXTS WITH ARIAS

HERE IS A hearty second to Richard Suter's complaint [*SR*, July 30] about the failure of record manufacturers to include texts with vocal material. Has he ever investigated, however, the "Song Dex Treasury of Operas" (279 arias), available for $6 from Song Dex, Inc., Box 49, New York 19? It is advertised on pp. 16-17 of *Opera News*, Vol. 22, No. 1 (Oct. 14, 1957).

LENORE GLANZ.

Chicago, Ill.

MAHLER, SCHERCHEN, AND LAIL

I SHOULD LIKE to thank Mr. Kolodin and Mr. Ringer for their interesting Mahler evaluations in the July 16 issue. It is gratifying to me, as a long-time admirer of the genius of Gustav Mahler, to know that he is finally coming into his own here in America.

Mr. Ringer notes that the Eighth exists only in the 1954 version with Dutch singers. We have a Scherchen recording on Columbia label with various Viennese choruses. There is a great deal of faulty miking, but it is nevertheless a most interesting performance of the work. Also, I note the omissions of the Lorri Lail performance on Urania of "Songs on the Death of Children," which my wife and I feel to be the noblest of all interpretations on record of this group, not excluding that of Ferrier. This record also has on the reverse side "Songs of a Wayfarer" sung by Metternich and conducted by Ludwig.

By the way, this may constitute colossal ignorance, but whatever happened to Miss Lail? We heard her in 1948, in the auditorium of Pikeville (Ky.) Junior College, sing various lieder magnificently. She was not wildly applauded there, but we two stood in deference to a magnificent voice. most intelligently used toward true lieder singing.

WILLIAM W. WEAVER.

Huntington, W. Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Ringer article dealt with versions available "as of now," which means that several other earlier duplications of the Mahler repertory were not listed.*

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Rebel with Cause

Continued from page 23

help write the scenario and to direct the picture.

This is how Bergman started his career in motion pictures. It was also the beginning of long years of cooperation and friendship, full of triumphs and frustrations, joys and disappointments, but always exciting. The relationship between a producer and a writer-director is a delicate and complicated thing, and in this particular case the more so because Ingmar Bergman has continued to be a rebel. He has always been a problem, not only to others but also to himself, and I think he will remain so. He is a high-strung personality, passionately alive, enormously sensitive, very short-tempered, sometimes quite ruthless in the pursuit of his own goals, suspicious, stubborn, capricious, most unpredictable. His will power is extraordinary. There are bound to be misunderstandings and disagreements; we both know this, and they are soon forgotten. After all, we have a common cause: We want to make good pictures.

THIS common goal has probably been the most important element in our relationship. When I originally became president of Svensk Filmindustri, I didn't realize how an ambitious producer is inevitably caught up in a conflict between artistic aims and commercial interests, My main problem and aim as a producer has been to balance these interests. It is the problem of everyone working in mass media. And I feel that this search for balance has underlined my relationship with Bergman, and enabled him to use the film as a means of self-expression more freely than most directors in the world today are able.

It has not always been easy. I can remember when Bergman got very bad reviews, when he was considered difficult, bizarre, incomprehensible, pretentious; times when he really needed support and understanding. And also when, among the governing board of Svensk Filmindustri itself, I sometimes had to fight rather hard for him. From a financial point of view, a Bergman picture seemed a risky business until not long ago; it was only when "Smiles of a Summer Night" was shown at the Cannes Festival in 1956 that he won general recognition in Sweden and other countries.

Ingmar Bergman usually keeps me informed of his plans and ideas long before he has put anything on paper. Sometimes, when he is not sure of my approval, he will drop supposedly confidential hints to members of the staff; these are intended to reach me in due time and prepare me for the worst. It was in this way that I learned of his intention to make "The Seventh Seal." His precautions turned out to be unnecessary; I could hardly refuse a screenplay of such quality even if I wanted to. As a producer, I was quite aware of the financial risk in a motion picture with so serious a theme. But it promised to be an unusual, an outstanding picture. It *had* to be done. We discussed the script for several days and nights during the Cannes Festival in May, 1956. We agreed on some changes, and on the cast and the budget. We felt as if we were launching a big ship and we were very happy.

A year or two before, he had told me the story that was to become "Smiles of a Summer Night." I thought the idea brilliant and wished him good luck. I had every reason to be pleased with his idea to make a new comedy. For a long time I had encouraged him to write comedies but he didn't dare. His first attempt was the now-famous elevator scene in "Secrets of Women"; then he wrote "A Lesson in Love." But you can never tell what is going to happen to a Bergman idea. Some disappear mysteriously and are never heard of again. Some are dropped even after a screenplay is written. The story of "Smiles of a Summer Night" turned out to be quite different from the one he had told me about originally, so different as a matter of fact that he could use it for another comedy without anybody noticing the connection—if Bergman should ever run out of ideas, which seems most unlikely.

As a rule he and I discuss a picture in detail and at length *before* he starts shooting it. Then we go on talking about it *after* he has finished shooting and editing the picture. I refuse to look at the rushes or parts of the picture. Only when the rough cut is ready do we look at it together. It is one of my principles never to interfere with work in the studio. I want to leave the director alone during the difficult time he must go through. This is not a special privilege given to Bergman but to any director working in our studios.

I have been asked many times by journalists from abroad, particularly from the United States, about the unusual amount of freedom allowed the Swedish film director. This freedom is part of a heritage from the good old days of the Swedish cinema. Svensk Filmindustri is in fact one of the oldest motion picture companies in the world; we started producing pictures more than fifty years ago. The head of the company at the time was a man of pioneer spirit, Charles Magnusson. He had courage and vision. He wanted to give the public something more than cheap entertainment; he wanted motion pictures to become a cultural force comparable to the theatre. In order to raise the standards of production he persuaded two well-known actor-directors of the stage, Victor Sjöström and Mauritz Stiller, to join his company. Magnusson, who was a photographer himself, taught them how to use this new medium. Within a few years they were ready for the great adventure in Swedish film history which began with "Terje Vigen," based on Ibsen's poem by the same name, continued with "The Phantom Carriage" and "Sir Arne's Treasure," and came to an end with the Garbo picture "Gosta Berling's Saga." Magnusson provided the money but did not interfere; Sjöström and Stiller had an entirely free hand.

THUS the origins of Swedish motion picture production had an intimate connection with the art and standards of the theatre. Ever since that golden age of the Swedish cinema classics, our directors have taken their ideals from the theatre. This approach has been an important influence, and is the reason, I think, that our attitude toward film-making has always been and still is profoundly different from, let us say, that of Hollywood. It is painfully true that the motion picture has a Janus face: it is both an art and an industry. But the tradition established by Magnusson, Sjöström, and Stiller has prevented the surrender of artistic aims to commercial interests.

This difference in attitude explains a good many things. It certainly explains why some Bergman pictures have been produced. It may also explain why some foreign critics seem anxious to place Ingmar Bergman on a pedestal as a kind of prophet, half-hidden in clouds of deep mystery and unintelligible symbolism. We in Sweden don't regard him as a prophet. To us he is a fascinating personality, an outstanding writer-director, an artist of vision—but one with his feet planted solidly on the ground. Above all, Bergman is a link in the chain that joins the past and the present in Swedish film history.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 10, 5, 7, 6, 1, 4, 9, 3, 8, 2. Sources: 1. Book of Daniel. 2. Genesis. 3. Judges. 4. I Kings. 5. Lamentations. 6. I Maccabees (Apocrypha). 7. Exodus. 8. I Kings. 9. Judges. 10. Book of Susannah (Apocrypha).

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Tabaqui in the "Jungle Books."	48 36 150 63 29 159
B. Reprove gently or kindly, but seriously.	153 82 161 189 119 39 120 2
C. In music, a quick grace note made with the tone half a step lower, usually.	126 158 6 40 171 187 27
D. Wedding song.	41 73 1 108 14 179 62 122 131 110
E. Unyielding.	200 79 57 190 140
F. Followed by Word M, desirable vision.	144 115 5 22 107 72
G. Tailless leaping amphibians genus *Bufo*.	191 184 104 137 83 8 196 78
H. Lay masonry for a building to rest on.	112 121 181 127 129 135 76 146
I. Rather conservative.	70 192 31 89 43 175 156 125
J. Coarse diamonds or fragments, used to true grinding wheels.	194 111 178 147
K. Subjective poems, often laments on unrequited love, or for the dead.	32 46 162 114 90 103 193
L. The color Brazil red.	97 130 26 142 132
M. See Word F.	13 60 7 143 95 199
N. Careless glance; imperfect sight (3 wds.).	133 86 52 128 98 154 169 67 21
O. Having lots of elbowroom.	149 42 88 71 54 168 12 118 58
P. Salad vegetable.	170 183 160 165 94 102
Q. Scapegrace (2 wds.).	92 45 81 9 151 34 173 15 18 182
R. How roads run, roughly, bet. Maine and California (comp.).	53 61 65 91 3 99 197 19 96 68 172
S. First herald under the Lyon King-of-Arms.	176 69 23 10 134 56 136 109
T. Female leader of a tribe (sounds like a word from Al Capp).	37 138 167 174 166 106 164 64
U. Describing baked goods so new they are still warm (comp.; in the ads, but not in WNI).	116 4 188 77 84 105 11 152 24
V. Enterprising (comp.).	93 75 44 55 155 124 139 117 35 113 17
W. One selling point a butcher has for such items as sweetbreads, filet mignons, ground beef, etc. (2 wds.).	185 186 85 16 50 141 59
X. Waterproof overcoat with detachable woolen lining (2 wds.; developed in World War I).	123 33 80 180 38 20 157 145 66 51
Y. Shoot from the second, or later, year's growth from a root.	148 163 87 101 49 74 30
Z. Amount gained or lost by a football team in any one play, or an aggregate of plays.	47 195 28 100 198 177 25

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 D		2 B	3 R	4 U	5 F		6 C	7 M	8 G	9 Q	10 S	11 U	12 O		13 M	14 D
15 Q		16 W	17 V	18 Q		19 R	20 X	21 N	22 F		23 S	24 U	25 Z		26 L	27 C	28 Z
29 A	30 Y	31 I	32 K	33 X	34 Q		35 V		36 A	37 T	38 X	39 B	40 C	41 D	42 O	43 I	44 V
45 Q	46 K	47 Z		48 A	49 Y	50 W	51 X	52 N	53 R		54 O	55 V		56 S	57 E	58 O	59 W
60 M	61 R	62 D	63 A	64 T		65 R	66 X	67 N		68 R	69 S	70 I	71 O	72 F		73 D	74 Y
75 V		76 H	77 U	78 G	79 E	80 X	81 Q	82 B		83 G	84 U		85 W	86 N	87 Y	88 O	89 I
	90 K	91 R		92 Q	93 V	94 P	95 M	96 R	97 L		98 N	99 R	100 Z		101 Y	102 P	103 K
	104 G	105 U	106 T	107 F	108 D	109 S		110 D	111 J	112 H	113 V	114 K		115 F	116 U	117 V	118 O
119 B		120 B	121 H	122 D	123 X	124 V	125 I		126 C	127 H		128 N	129 H	130 L	131 D		132 L
133 N	134 S		135 H	136 S	137 G	138 T		139 V	140 E		141 W	142 L	143 M		144 F	145 X	146 H
	147 J	148 Y	149 O	150 A	151 Q	152 U		153 B	154 N	155 V		156 I	157 X	158 C	159 A	160 P	
161 B	162 K		163 Y	164 T		165 P	166 T		167 T		168 O	169 N	170 P	171 C		172 R	173 Q
174 T	175 I	176 S		177 Z	178 J	179 D	180 X	181 H	182 Q	183 P		184 G	185 W		186 W	187 C	188 U
	189 B	190 E		191 G	192 I	193 K		194 J	195 Z	196 G		197 R	198 Z	199 M	200 E		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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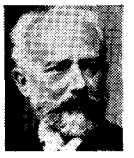

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